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NEW YORK CITY.—HEALTH OFFICERS VACCINATING RUSSIAN AND POLISH EMIGRANTS ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP "VICTORIA," AT QUARANTINE, APRIL 25TH.—SEE PAGE 182.

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THE SLACK-WATER PERIOD.

THERE is an interval between the flux and reflux of the tide which is called the time of "slack-water," when the motion of the sea is visible only in petty undulations on its surface. All the signs of the time portend that we have reached the slack-water period in national politics. It is hard to tell whether the tide is setting in or setting out. At such a time much of froth and driftwood may still engage the eyes of the observer, but when he comes to scan it closely he will perceive that the froth was begotten by a struggle which has ended, and that the driftwood floating idly on the surface represents a wind-storm which has spent its force. This is well illustrated by the present dead-lock in the Senate.

A dead-lock in politics, arising from the even balance of parties, is no uncommon spectacle in our history. Such a dead-lock was witnessed in the House of Representatives on the occasion of the choice it was called to make between Jefferson and Burr for the office of President. A long dead-lock in the same body at two later dates preceded the election respectively of Mr. Banks and of Mr. Pennington to the Speakership; but each of these stubborn dead-locks was seen at the time to be "big with the fate of Caesar and of Rome"—to be crises in the history of great statesmen, of great parties and of great civil policies contending for pre-eminence in the bosom of the country. As the birthmarks of a new epoch, these labor pangs fixed the attention and riveted the interest of the whole American people, who anxiously watched the outcome of the long and agonizing political travail that they might see whereunto the thing would grow.

But to-day we have a political dead-lock which is absolutely emptied of all public interest outside of the parties immediately engaged in it, and of the personal following whose fate is suspended on the dispensation of three petty offices in the Senate. It may be that the politicians at Washington are "building better than they know," and that, all unconsciously to themselves, they are opening the way to new political formations by the struggle which holds them in equilibrium. It may be that the Democrats, by the zeal they bring to the defeat of Senator Mahone, are but betraying to the country their sense of the frailty by which they hold their present tenure of the "Solid South," and it may be that the Republicans, in postponing for whole weeks the practical interests of the people in order that they may make sure of achieving a doubtful political advantage over the Democrats, are disaffecting ten supporters at the North for one new recruit gained by the favor of Mahone and Riddleberger at the South; but, in either event, who does not see the slack-water mark which must have been reached by our politics when the leaders of both parties can satisfy themselves with such an ignoble peg on which to hang a "mighty issue"?

A slack-water state of politics is in some respects an evil, and in some respects a portent of good. It is an evil in so far as it robs the people of an available instrumentality by which to secure certain definite and desirable ends of public policy. Where the elements of opinion are mixed it is difficult to fix responsibility for a bad state of affairs. Take, for instance, the matter of civil service reform as an end and aim of public policy. If the Republican party, as a party, were heartily in

favor of this policy, and the Democrats, as a party, were unanimously opposed to it, we should have an agency ready formed to our hands for the purpose of moving forward to a definite result. But, as it is, with civil service reformers who call themselves Democrats, and with spoliemen who call themselves Republicans, it is impossible for the people to give precision and definiteness to their laudable aspirations for an improvement in the public service, and for a change in our political methods. It is because each party is slack in its views on this subject that the present Secretary of the Interior has reversed the practices of his predecessor in the dispensation of the patronage connected with his Department. If the Republican Party, as a party, were heartily in favor of civil service reform, does anybody suppose that Mr. Kirkwood would have been allowed to take this step? If the Democrats, as a party, were heartily in favor of civil service reform, does anybody suppose that he would have dared to take it? A common leaven of error in both parties has so far leavened the whole lump of political sentiment as to work immunity for much of wrong-doing and shortcoming which might be eliminated by a clear-cut definition of political principles with a corresponding antagonism in party formations.

But if this water-logged state of parties has much of mischief, as seen in the long and sterile dalliance of our politicians with questions which call for earnest treatment and prompt decision, it is also not a state of unmitigated evil. We may find some compensation for its mischiefs in the gratifying fact that the very existence of such a state implies the subsidence of party passions and the absence of vital questions in the sphere of our politics. We may see that the ship of State is sailing on smooth and quiet seas when the crew in charge of her, so far as the Senate is concerned, can afford for whole weeks to let her lie in the trough of the sea "as idle as a painted ship on a painted ocean," and when the passengers on board of her—the people of the whole United States—can look on the disgraceful spectacle with a contempt which does not rise to the dignity of a consuming indignation. It is seen that indignation would be wasted on such a mimic strife, in which there is nothing earnest or real, and, therefore, nothing that deeply concerns the business and bosoms of the people. If the politicians can afford to make themselves the laughing-stock of the country, it is evident that the people do not mean to be unduly disturbed by the political harlequinade which is being acted at Washington. While the politicians are minding their play the people are minding their business, not content, to be sure, that "the dignity of the Senate" should fall a prey to these petty agitations, but finding some consolation in the fact that nothing suffers so much from their pettiness as the rotten shells of political organization. It is, indeed, sad that a new Administration, just launched from the ways, should be left to welter in the "weak, washy and everlasting flood" of an idle debate, while a part of its crew in the Senate is floating little chips and another part is sulking in undisguised mutiny; but if the President and his nominal political friends can stand such an exhibition of slack-water politics, it is probable that the Democrats will contrive to endure it, and that the people will contrive to bear it by standing more and more aloof from the peddling and piddling managers of both the two parties.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD knows the postal service through and through. When a member of Congress, and especially when Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, he had occasion and opportunity to study the workings of the Department. This he did with the keen interest and close attention which he has uniformly given to public questions of economic rather than political import. Few men have acquired as legislators so full and accurate a knowledge of executive details. Mr. James became Postmaster-General with little to learn about his new work. In addition to his unsurpassed practical experience and administrative ability, he brought into office the honest intentions of an honest man. For these reasons the country expects that the Administration will do its duty in regard to the Star service contract frauds, and do it promptly, thoroughly and fearlessly.

The condition of things in the office of the Second Assistant Postmaster-General is a scandal such as we have not seen since Secretary Bristow broke the Whiskey Ring. By the collusion of rogues outside the Department and rascals inside, and with the protecting aid, as there is reason to believe, of Senators and Representatives in Congress, there has been organized a system of plunder through which between two and three million dollars a year are stolen from the people. The facts have been notorious since 1878. Probably no Ring has ever carried on its operations more openly

and audaciously. General Brady, the head of the contract bureau, has laughed in the faces of two investigating committees of Congress. At any time in the past three years there has been within reach of the Government evidence enough to break up the conspiracy, and, perhaps, to put prison garb on some of the conspirators. This is the truth, disgraceful as the truth is to the Republican Administration of President Hayes and to the Democratic Forty-sixth Congress.

The thieves got their hands into the people's money through a loophole in the laws regulating contracts for carrying the mails over the so-called Star routes—that is, all routes except those on which the service is by railroad or steamboat. Since the exposure of the straw-bidding system, under Postmaster-General Creswell, the checks have been quite effective against fraud in the original letting of contracts. To the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, however, was left almost absolute power to increase the pay of contractors on the pretext of compensation for an increase in the number of trips and for quicker time each trip. Brady has used this power with a vengeance. He has held office since July, 1876, when General Grant appointed him at the instance of the late Senator Morton. In politics he belongs to what is known as the "Indiana gang." With another Indiana politician, First Assistant Postmaster-General Tyner, he has ruled the Post Office Department for nearly five years. Mr. Hayes's two Postmasters-General, Judge Key and Mr. Maynard, were nothing more than figure-heads. General Tyner has had unlimited sway in the matter of patronage, Brady full swing in the arrangement of contracts.

Let us understand the workings of the system of plunder. According to law, Brady advertises for bids for the contract to carry the mails over a certain route. According to law, the contract goes to the lowest responsible bidder. Honest contractors put their proposals at figures which will cover expenses and a fair profit. A Ring contractor makes a bid at figures which will yield no profit, perhaps even below the actual cost of operating the route. He is awarded the contract. Pretty soon the Department—that is to say, Thomas J. Brady—becomes convinced that public interests require a more frequent service and quicker trips over this route, which, perhaps, begins nowhere, runs several hundred miles through a wilderness and ends at the cabin of a settler who can neither write letters nor read them. If the contractor in question was not a member of the Ring, in collusion with officials of the Department, the necessity for more mails and quicker trips would never be discovered by the Post Office. As he is a member of the Ring, or the representative of Ring interests, he is asked to send in his estimates for an expedition of the service. He gravely submits the figures, Brady gravely accepts them, and thus thousands, sometimes hundreds of thousands, of dollars are stolen at one grab. The contract price for the route has been enormously increased—it may be fifty per cent., it may be a thousand per cent.—without any corresponding increase of expense to the contractor, or benefit to the public.

There are in all 9,225 Star routes. On 9,132 of them the increase for expedition of service aggregated less than \$50,000. Those are the routes in the more thickly settled parts of the country, and they are not operated by Ring contractors. On the remaining ninety-three routes, all of them on the frontier of civilization, and all of them, as is charged, let to contractors holding peculiar relations with dishonest officials inside the Department, the increase for expedition was more than \$2,000,000 a year. A few examples will show the audacity of the swindle. The route from Fort Worth, Texas, to Yuma, Arizona, was awarded to J. T. Chidester at \$134,000 a year. In less than a month Brady ordered a reduction of the schedule time from seventeen to fifteen days, and increased Chidester's pay from \$134,000 to \$299,000. Two Senators of the United States—William H. Barnum, of Connecticut, and John P. Jones, of Nevada; one a Democrat, the other a Republican—had been Chidester's bondsmen. The route from Prescott, Arizona, to Santa Fé, New Mexico, was let in April, 1879, to John A. Walsh, at \$18,500. For expedition of service and increase of trips the pay was raised by Brady to \$135,975. Walsh, as a contractor, has previously been suspended for not carrying out his contract, and in Louisiana had been indicted for frauds in the Internal revenue, upon the evidence, as it happened, of this same Brady. The route from Mineral Park to Pioche was awarded at \$2,982 to J. W. Dorsey, a brother of ex-Senator Dorsey of Arkansas, Chairman of the Republican National Committee in the late canvass. Dorsey's pay was raised by Brady from \$2,982 to \$52,033. J. M. Peck is a brother-in-law of ex-Senator Dorsey. He secured the route from The Dalles, Oregon, to Baker City, at \$8,288; his pay was raised by Brady to \$72,520. J. R. Miner is a business partner of ex-Senator Dorsey. He got a little route in the Indian

Territory at \$820, and was speedily raised to \$12,300. Ex-Senator Dorsey was interested in not less than twenty-five routes, through J. W. Dorsey, Miner and Peck, and on these twenty-five routes the pay was increased by Brady in a single year from \$60,248 to \$519,692.

Here are specimen cases. Nearly all the ninety-three routes in question were controlled by the agents of one of two distinct rings of contractors, equally favored by Brady and holding equally intimate relations with the office of the Second Assistant Postmaster-General. The ramifications of the system reached still further. The Sixth Auditor of the Treasury is charged with the supervision of Post Office accounts. He may be innocent, but his relation to the frauds must be thoroughly investigated. Representatives and Senators in Congress appear behind some of the contractors on the list. The same Senators and Representatives voted for the Deficiency Appropriation which Brady obtained of Congress a little more than a year ago, and which speedily went into the pockets of the Ring jobbers. That was not while Congress was ignorant of the methods of the Ring. It was after a full investigation had drawn out all the facts, practically, just as they are now presented by Mr. James. The inquiry, to be thorough, must go beyond the walls of the Post Office Department into the committee-rooms of the Capitol, and even on to the floor of the Senate and House.

The most pressing duty of General Garfield's Administration at this time is to pursue and bring to punishment every man in office or out of office, who has been concerned in this organization for defrauding the Government. We have heard a good deal about the intentions of President Garfield and Secretary Blaine to give us a spirited policy in the administration of foreign affairs. What is wanted just now by honest citizens, irrespective of party, is a spirited policy in the Attorney-General's office, the branch of Government especially charged with the prosecution of thieves who have stolen public funds. It is not enough to have forced Brady and a few of his subordinates to resign. "Let no guilty man escape" is the command to send forth once more from the White House; but the order must be issued in good faith, and it must be obeyed to the letter.

OUR FOREIGN POPULATION.

THE great number of immigrants that have reached our shores during the past year, and the prospect of a continuance of the flow of this human current from Europe to this country for some time to come, have given rise to some apprehension lest the foreign element should increase so rapidly as to gain an undue influence in the United States. It is interesting, therefore, to see what proportion the increase in this way bears to the natural increase of our population. The arrivals at the different ports of the United States during the past year, 1880, were 586,068. This number was in excess of any previous year by more than 125,000. It exceeded the aggregate of the three previous years, and nearly equaled that of the four consecutive years ending with 1878. The figures for the present year show a still larger immigration. At this port alone it is believed the arrivals for the year will reach 500,000.

But there are influences at work which in a great degree modify the effect of this immense addition to our numbers as a people. The great volume of immigration flows into so vast an ocean of population that it is soon swallowed up and lost. And some figures will show the probable percentage of the real increase in our foreign population. While the new arrivals add to the sum total of that class of our people, the deaths of those of foreign birth are continually taking from it. A part, therefore, of the fresh immigration each year goes to make up the losses by death in the foreign born population. What is the amount of these losses? The immigration from 1870 to 1880 was 2,812,177, which, deducted from the increase in the census for the same period, leaves a total of 8,379,406 to be accounted for. The most accurate records we have had account for only 6,677,360 as having been born in foreign lands, and we may, therefore, justly infer that at least 1,702,046 foreigners died within the decade. A part of this difference may be accounted for by the return of some of the immigrants, but at any rate there must be an immigration of at least 170,000 a year to maintain the number of foreign born inhabitants. The most trustworthy figures give the increase of the native population as upwards of a million; and while an annual addition of 600,000 foreigners a year, or a net increase of, say, 400,000, is a large one, it is greatly out of proportion to the natural increase of our native population. These estimates are largely in favor of the foreign population; for, as the actual number of arrivals increases, so also does the actual number of deaths among the foreign born population

made up of foreigners long resident in this country and of the later arrivals.

Another estimate which the census enables us to make leads to a similar conclusion. The number of persons in the United States set down in the report as having been born in foreign lands is 6,677,360. This is but 1,110,000 more than that given in the census of 1870. But during the intervening period more than two and three-quarter million immigrants arrived in the United States, while the whole population of the country increased about twelve millions. So that there is a large difference to be accounted for, the existence of which, for the most part, can only be explained by a much larger rate of mortality than has been estimated to prevail. The arrivals from 1850 to 1860 and from 1860 to 1870 were about two and a half millions in each period. But the census shows that the foreign-born population increased in the first of these periods 1,894,000, and in the second only 1,428,000. This, too, indicates an increased rate of mortality.

It will be seen from the figures given that there need be no fear of a too rapid increase of the foreign element in our population. There is room enough in the great Northwest for millions more of the same class of industrious immigrants who have already been so powerful an agency in developing the resources and adding to the wealth of the United States. And that the greater part of the tide of immigration finds its way thither is also shown by the census. About three-fourths of the new arrivals make their home in the Western and Northwestern States and the rest in Maryland and the Middle States. The proportion that remains in the large cities, although a source of trouble and expense, is, after all, an inconsiderable one when compared with the great body of frugal and industrious workers who are helping to build up the States and Territories that are so rapidly increasing in wealth and importance.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THERE can be no doubt that France is in dead earnest in her Tunisian campaign. She has not only landed a body of troops at Tarbaca, after demolishing a fort held by the enemy, but a heavy invading column has dislodged the Kroumirs from several important positions, and at the last accounts was still steadily advancing, driving the enemy before it. Kef has been occupied by a French garrison, which has received the submission of the adjacent tribes and dismissed them to their homes. The available fighting strength of the Kroumir tribes and their allies is only 25,000 men, but they have a great advantage in the difficult nature of the country. The Bey announces that he will make no armed resistance, but will remain at his post in the interest of order and the public security, and "leave his fate to the justice of Europe." He states that he has persistently refused for a year past to accept a French protectorate, and adds that he will not change his relations with the Sultan. There is some apprehension of a native rising in Algeria, and it is said that the French army of occupation, which now numbers some 60,000 troops, will be reinforced by 50,000 men. Great anxiety is felt at Constantinople as to the outcome of the invasion, the Porte fearing the loss of Tunis as a part of the Ottoman Empire, but it has so far abstained from any decided action, realizing that it cannot rely upon the sympathy of other powers as against France.

The consideration of the Land Bill in the House of Commons has so far been without striking incident. The Conservatives have decided to propose various amendments in committee, and certain features of the Act will be very stubbornly resisted. The Catholic bishops have addressed a manifesto to Mr. Gladstone, in which they outline their views as to the demands of the situation. They recommend the perpetuity of tenure to future tenants; deprecate the exclusion from the benefits of the Bill of leaseholders and tenants in arrears; recommend a further limitation of the landlord's power to object to an intending tenant, to resume possession, and to raise the rent; strongly condemn the emigration provisions and the omission of laborers from the benefits of the Bill, and recommend a comprehensive scheme for the purchase and reclamation of Irish lands, arterial drainage and liberal advances to tenants for improvements. Mr. Dillon has made another incendiary speech, in which he threatens the Government with armed revolt unless it shall suspend the evictions which are now pending. An attempt to evict a number of tenants at New Pallas, on Friday last, although supported by 500 military and police, was frustrated by a mob of 5,000 persons, many of whom were armed.

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh has been again ejected from the House of Commons. Upon the reassembling of that body last week, he appeared at the bar, having been re-elected from Northampton, for the purpose of taking the oath, declaring that he would regard it as binding on his conscience. Sir Stafford Northcote objected, and after a sharp struggle, in which Mr. Gladstone denied the right of the House to inflict disability upon a member who had no legal disqualification, Bradlaugh was, by a vote of 208 to 175, refused permission to qualify. Persisting in his demand for recognition, he was then removed from the bar. Subsequently, in order not to embarrass pending legislation, he temporarily waived his claim, upon an intimation that a Bill would probably be introduced to meet his case. This Bill

will give to persons who object to take the oath full liberty to affirm. Mr. Gladstone wisely declined to make Mr. Bradlaugh's case a party question, but the decision of the House is certainly a remarkable one, since it amounts to a declaration that, no matter how completely a member once disqualified may purge himself of his disqualification, the House will still refuse to admit him.

There is a possibility that the controversy between China and Japan in reference to the ownership and occupation of the Loo Choo Island may yet result in hostilities. The Japanese Commissioners who visited Peking with a view of adjusting the difficulty were received in a manner which they regarded as insulting, and it is said that their Government will now proceed to assert its claims with an emphasis which can scarcely fail to provoke a conflict of arms.

There is still some uncertainty as to the settlement of the Greek frontier question. The Ambassadors have intimated to Greece that the Powers will interest themselves in behalf of the Epirotes, but they offer no guarantees, and mere promises are not likely to satisfy popular opinion in Athens or elsewhere. The Grecian Government demands the prompt surrender of the ceded territory, and under the protocol approved by the foreign Ambassadors the Turkish evacuation is required to commence in three weeks and terminate within three months "after the signature of the convention." It is proposed that the evacuation shall be conducted under the supervision of the International Military Commission. Whether these several propositions will be accepted by Turkey and prove satisfactory to Greece, is yet to be seen.

The Nihilists have lost nothing in audacity. They have just issued another address to the Czar, declaring that the indiscriminate execution of those concerned in the assassination of Alexander II. had served to strengthen the Nihilist ranks by driving many lukewarm malcontents into the party's extreme faction. If this statement is true, it argues badly for the future tranquility of Russia. The latest indications as to the Government policy seem to justify a belief that it will be less liberal than has been supposed, and that repressive measures of unprecedented severity will probably be adopted at an early day. The statement is repeated that the Czar's daily life at the castle near St. Petersburg, where he still remains, is hedged up with anxiety and alarm. Alterations have been made in the castle with a view to his personal safety, one providing a subterranean passage from the Czar's room to the stables, where a number of horses are kept saddled and bridled day and night. A late report says:

"The Imperial bed-chamber has two windows, protected at night by massive iron shutters, which can only be reached from the outside by passing through three spacious ante-chambers, in which are posted eighty Cossacks heavily armed. They are allowed to speak and to move about in the two outer rooms, but in the hall adjoining the Czar's bedroom perfect silence is maintained all night. At the commander's right hand is the knob of an electric apparatus which rings a bell in every guard house within the palace grounds. When the Emperor is about to retire to rest, before shutting the door he removes the outer handle, so that no entrance can be effected until he himself personally opens the door from the inside. Unlike his father, he cannot endure the presence of an armed soldier in his bed-chamber."

There are indications that Sir Stafford Northcote will succeed Lord Beaconsfield as leader of the Conservatives in the Commons. In the House of Lords the Duke of Richmond will probably lead the Conservative Party, at least for the present.—The British evacuation of Southern Afghanistan has been completed.—The absence of Mr. Gladstone from Lord Beaconsfield's funeral has occasioned some comment, but no explanation of the fact has been vouchsafed by the Premier or his friends.—General Longstreet, the American Minister to Turkey, has obtained a *firman* in favor of the American Archaeological Society for excavations at Assos, on the Island of Cephallonia.—It is officially announced in England that the negotiations relative to the Fortune Bay affair are still in progress.—Anti-Jewish riots are reported from West Prussia and at Elizabethgrad, in Prussia, where a mob destroyed the synagogue, and many rioters were killed by the troops summoned to repress the riots.

THERE seems to be no foundation whatever for the reports of dissensions in the Cabinet which are likely to be followed by its disruption. The Cabinet and the President are in entire accord, and those who have predicted the withdrawal of one Secretary and another are quite certain to be disappointed. Another thing seems to be assured, and that is, that General Garfield is, and means to be, President in fact as well as in name. As to the question of his recent appointments, he stands firmly on his prerogatives, and he will not recede from that position, no matter how vigorously or insolently the Conkling whip may be cracked.

THE delays and uncertainties of the law are strikingly illustrated by the outcome of a notable savings fund failure in Philadelphia. Nineteen years ago an institution in that city, in which large numbers of working people had deposited their savings—the whole amounting to over \$250,000—suddenly closed its doors. An assignee was appointed who, five years later, paid a dividend of two per cent. In the fourteen years which have passed since then the assignee and many of the creditors have died, but during all this period small debts due the defunct concern have been gradually coming in, sometimes obtained by legal proceedings and sometimes without recourse to the law. The litigation has swallowed up the bulk of this fund, but a sum of about \$12,000 remains, which, by direction of the Court, is now to be distributed among the

creditors. This, it is believed, will give a dividend of about four per cent; and with this pittance the victims of corporation rascality who still survive, or their heirs, must after two decades be content. Surely there ought to be some means of expediting the adjustment of cases of this kind, as well as of punishing the scoundrels who make such things possible.

ANOTHER railway combination is announced, by which an unbroken line of communication—4,500 miles under a joint management—will be established from St. Louis to New Orleans, Houston, Galveston, and the Mexican border at Laredo. At Laredo this continuous line will be connected with the extensive railway system now constructing in Mexico. The roads included in the combination are the Missouri Pacific, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, the Texas and Pacific, and the International and Great Northern. These roads extend through successive zones of rich and fertile territory, which is rapidly filling up with population, and the completion of the system will mark an important era in the development of the national prosperity.

It is stated that the Secretary of War proposes to put an end to the sinecure system in the Army. There are officers now in Washington and elsewhere who have not served with their regiments for years, being on detached duty in nice, agreeable places, secured for them by influential friends who have the ear of authority. One case is mentioned in which an officer of the Twenty-first Infantry has been on detached service in the office of the Secretary of War for nearly eighteen years, and has never done a day's duty with, nor seen, his regiment since 1866. Secretary Lincoln believes that in a well-ordered service there should be no pets or favorites or sinecures; that, in other words, all officers should be subject to the same regulations, and treated precisely alike; and if he shall carry this conviction into the administration of his department, there can be no doubt that he will command the approval of everybody except the favored few who have so long enjoyed exemptions from the hardships which men better than themselves have cheerfully borne.

A MANUFACTURING company in Berwick, Pennsylvania, has adopted a novel method of putting a stop to the evils of drunkenness. The company employs 1,100 men, and has suffered very considerably from the irregular habits of some of its operatives, induced principally by their excessive use of stimulants. With a view of removing the temptation to indulgence in strong drinks, the company has agreed to pay the proprietors of the hotels and drinking places in the town the amount of their annual profits on condition that they abandon the sale of liquor. This they have all agreed to do, so that hereafter all these houses will be conducted on business principles. The company believes that it will be well repaid for its outlay, which is probably not less than \$6,000, in the steady character of its workmen and the law-abiding condition of the town. The experiment is certainly worth a trial, and there is no better field for such a test than the mining and manufacturing districts of Pennsylvania, where the consumption of strong drink has assumed enormous proportions in the past few years. In many districts, especially of the coal-fields, the frightful evils which flow from indulgence in the poison so generally imbibed are beyond computation. In sanity, pauperism and crime are on the increase in all the more thickly settled hamlets, and Poor Directors are puzzled to know how to deal with the increasing infirmity of the people who are legally entitled to support at their hands.

THOSE Mexicans who have suspected that General Grant's visit to Mexico looked either to the consummation of an alliance with certain political leaders of that country for the establishment of an American protectorate, or to the promotion of a scheme for the annexation of Mexican territory to the United States, will be reassured by the speech made by the ex-President at a banquet on the 22d ult., in which he said that his visit is purely for business purposes, and that "even if it could be shown that all the people of Mexico were in favor of the annexation of a portion of their territory to our own, it would still be rejected." General Grant enforced this statement by calling attention to the almost unanimous hostility which was shown by our people to his project for the annexation of Santo Domingo. "It was with great difficulty, notwithstanding my position as head of the Government, that I could get the question considered at all by the Senate, and when I did, it was defeated by an overwhelming majority." He added, with entire truth, that "we want no more land, but we do want to improve what we have, and to see our neighbors improve and grow so strong that the designs of any other country could not endanger them." It is said that General Grant's plans for the internal development of Mexico by the extension of her railway system are growing in popular favor, and it is no longer doubted that they will be carried out substantially as proposed by the capitalists whom he represents.

(From the Morris (N. J.) Banner, April, 23d.)

THIS week's issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is a fair sample of the rapid improvement of that paper. It was issued yesterday, yet contains an admirable four-page supplement devoted to illustrations in the life of Lord Beaconsfield. Its superior articles and illustrations on the South continue to adorn its pages occasionally, and in typography and make-up its strides in improvement astonish those familiar with the publication.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Ohio Greenbackers will hold a Convention on June 15th.

MEMORIAL day was generally observed in the Southern States on the 26th ultimo.

TWO MOUNTAIN settlements in Pike County, Pa., were burned by forest fires last week.

THERE are some apprehensions in Wyoming Territory of an uprising of the Ute Indians.

NEW HAMPSHIRE has sixty-four savings banks, with 96,681 depositors owning \$32,097,734.

FIVE children at Louisville, Ky., were struck by a thunderbolt on Thursday last and instantly killed.

THE nominations sent to the Senate by the President which have not yet been acted upon number 217.

TWO HUNDRED Mormon immigrants arrived at this port last week, mainly from England and Scotland.

THE mercantile failures reported last week throughout the United States and Canada numbered 108.

A GRAIN elevator at Girard Point, Philadelphia, valued, with its contents, at \$700,000, was destroyed by fire on the 28th ultimo.

A COMMITTEE of Republican Senators has been appointed to consider and report upon the question of holding executive sessions.

BARON ERNEST MAYR, the Austrian Minister at Washington, has received leave of absence for six months, and will go abroad.

MR. WASHINGTON MCLEAN, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, is named in connection with the Democratic nomination for Governor of Ohio.

A SUB-COMMITTEE of the Senate Judiciary Committee will sit during the recess to inquire into the expediency of a national bankrupt law.

IN Kentucky the strawberry crop promises to be the best ever known, the cherries are killed, peaches promise a large crop, and apples and pears also promise well.

SUIT has been brought in Louisville, Kentucky, against the Louisville and Nashville Railroad for running trains on Sunday. The company is liable for \$350 fines.

INDICTMENTS have been found against Police Commissioners French, Nichols and Mason, of the City of New York, in connection with the street-cleaning business.

A SCOW temporarily used for ferry purposes on the Fox River, at Elgin, Ill., was sunk on the 25th ultimo, and of some thirty persons who were precipitated into the water, twelve or more were drowned.

MR. HENRY LYMAN has been appointed Chief Clerk of the contract division of the Post Office Department, and will exercise General Brady's functions until a Second Assistant Postmaster General is confirmed.

THE Prohibitory Party in North Carolina is organizing for the August campaign, when the proposed amendment to the State Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquors will be submitted to a popular vote.

A FORMIDABLE strike of street railway employes in St. Louis, last week, seriously menaced the public order for a day or two, but riotous violence was finally averted by calling out the police reserve regiment with a battery of four guns.

A WORKINGMEN'S League has been formed in New York City to resist an increase in rents and urge the passage of a Bill by the State Legislature creating a real estate valuation commission, with power to fix rents according to the capital invested.

GOVERNOR LUDLOW has signed the Act, passed by the last Legislature, prohibiting the employment of more than one hundred convicts at any one branch of industry at the New Jersey State Prison. This Act will entail a loss of \$120,000 a year to the State.

FORTY robbers, mostly Mexicans, have raided a settlement near Farmington, New Mexico, plundering houses and driving the people away. A hot fire was kept up during the raid. Four settlers were killed and the robbers carried off one hundred head of cattle.

GREAT damage was done to property in Minnesota, last week, by floods in the Mississippi and tributary rivers. At St. Paul the river was so high that communication from house to house in some quarters was only maintained by boats. An immense area in Illinois was also flooded.

THE success attending the plan of Secretary Windom in regard to the maturing bonds has already been greater than was expected. The responses of the banks have been such as to cause the belief that by the time Congress meets in December all of the sixes and of the fives also in their possession will have been extended at the new rate.

A RESOLUTION, introduced into the Senate by Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, which proposes to assert that the consent of the United States Government is a condition precedent to the construction of any inter-oceanic ship-canal across the isthmus connecting North and South America, has been referred to the Foreign Relations Committee.

THE total loss of property by the flood on the Missouri River and its tributaries, between Sioux City and Bismarck, is estimated at \$2,500,000. Below Sioux City, including the damage done at Omaha, Council Bluffs, Kansas City, and the great overflows on both sides of the Missouri, between these cities and St. Louis, the amount of loss is computed at \$1,500,000.

Foreign.

CHINESE officers and crews have arrived in the Tyne to man six swift steel turret vessels built there for China.

CONTRACTS have been made to carry 60,000 emigrants from Norway and Sweden to Hull, England, whence they will proceed to America.

THE Land and Liberty Party circulated proclamations in the Easter eggs in Moscow on Easter Sunday, calling on the peasants to seize the lands and refuse to pay taxes.

THE efforts to bring about a reconciliation between Bismarck and the Vatican have failed, owing, it is alleged, to the interference of Cardinal Bilio in the negotiations.

THE Free-traders in the Spanish Cortes urge the Cabinet to negotiate a treaty of commerce with the United States in order to obtain special concessions for exports from Cuba.

ENGLAND has not yet appointed delegates to the International Monetary Conference, nor will she do so until the conference modifies its form of invitation so that in accepting it England may not be understood as committing herself in any respect to bi-metallicism.

THE movement among the English Radicals in opposition to a monument to Lord Beaconsfield is assuming tangible form. An amendment to the proposal is likely to be submitted to the House of Commons. Opposition to the monument is based on its unusual character. Some counter-scheme will probably be put forward.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 183.



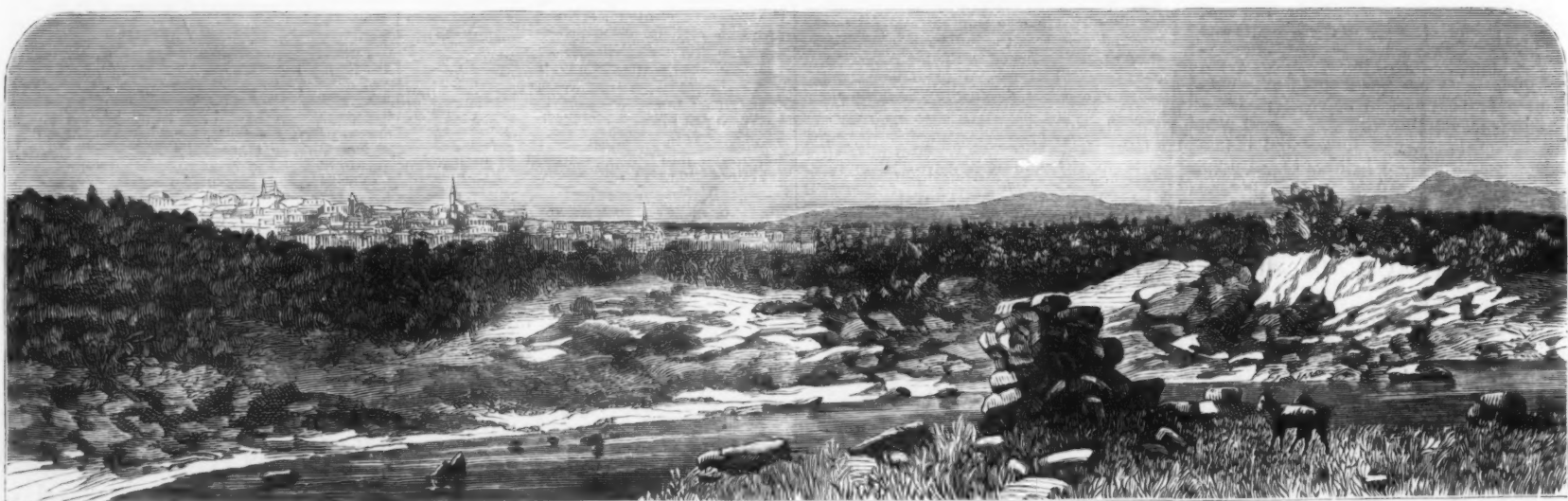
Mlle. KRAUSS.



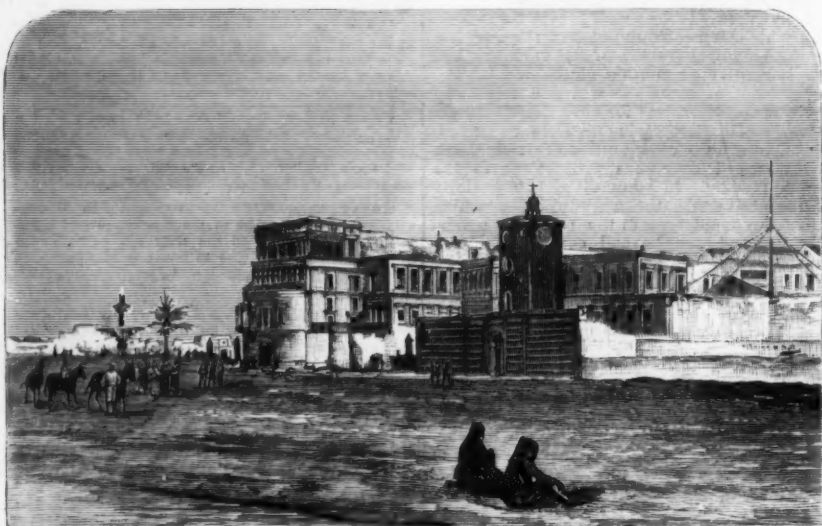
FRANCE.—THE SLAVE SALE IN GOUNOD'S NEW OPERA, PARIS.



Mlle. DARAM.



THE GREEK FRONTIER.—VIEW OF LARISSA AND THE VALLEY OF SALEMBRIA, THESSALY.



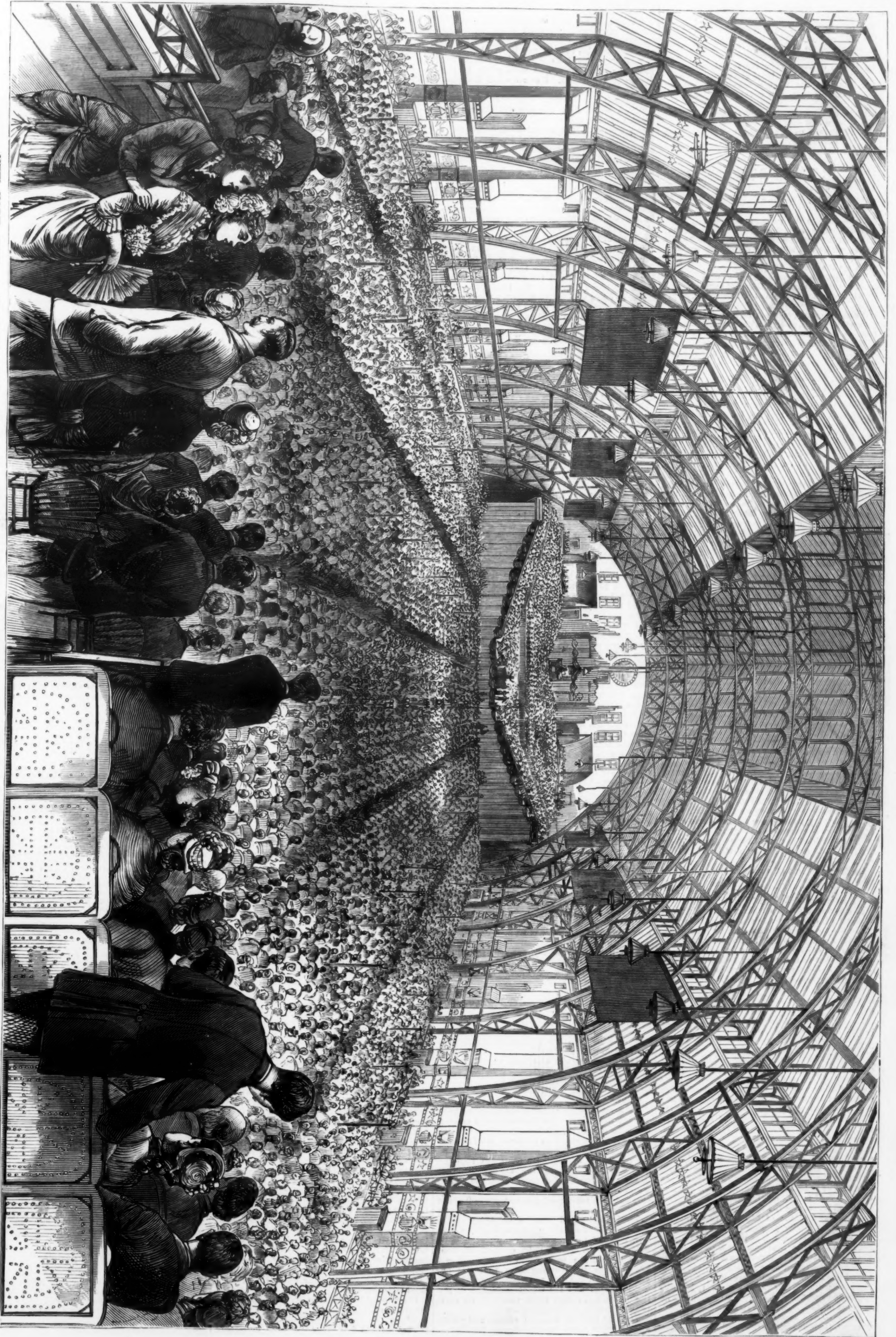
AFRICA.—OFFICIAL PALACE OF THE GOVERNMENT OF TUNIS.



AFRICA.—VIEW OF SOUKARRAS, ON THE ROAD TO TUNIS.



GRECIAN ARCHIPELAGO.—CASTRO, ISLAND OF CHIOS, DESTROYED BY THE EARTHQUAKE OF SUNDAY, APRIL 5TH.



NEW YORK CITY.—A PRIVATE REHEARSAL FOR THE GREAT MUSICAL FESTIVAL, IN THE DRILL-ROOM OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY.—SEE PAGE 182.

PARIS.

QUEEN among cities, arrogantly fair,
Brilliant with life thro' all thy broad expanse;
Thou art of beauty what men hold most rare—
Oh, wonderful aorta of great France!

Art blooms in flower upon thy fecund breast,
Thy warm, alluring voice greets one and all;
And in dark hours, when nations are oppressed,
Or famine reigns, it is to thee they call!

Science and Song, Wit, Progress, Grace and Powers,
Are thine and ever emanate from thee;
Thy streets are bathed in blood or decked with
flowers—
Thou makest slaves, thou grantest liberty!

Pleasure has made thee its enduring home;
Alike thou art adored by boor and king;
And when upon thy humblest ways we roam
Life seems more fair, and Death doth lose its
sting.

A Circle—strange and terrible—thou art!
With charms as black as hell, as mad as mirth;
But even thy crimes seem sweet unto the heart—
Thy smiles and sins alike delight the earth.

Thou art the perfect Eden of the eyes,
The Paradise of senses and of moods;
Thou art the strange chameleon of surprise,
With nameless noises and sad solitudes.

But sometimes, marvelous town, thou dost assume
A wilder shape, and then the world, dismayed,
Sees, rising in the midnight's angry gloom
The ominous shadow of the barricade!

F. S. SALTUS.

THE IRON ROSE.

IT was just at the same hour, when the shadows were getting longest and the sounds of busy workday life in the streets of pretty, aristocratic Ringtown were dying out, blending into harmonious stillness, that two young men left their work and, with tired eyes, looked out on the warm, sweet world before them.

Both were strong, handsome, ambitious; both stretched their arms lustily, with a "Heigh-ho," and a glorious feeling of well-done, after the day's long labor.

Dudley Raleigh, the lawyer, in his rooms dawdled through a languid toilet and then through a still more languid dinner; then he sauntered out into the street. But Ernest Moore, the blacksmith, leaving his forge, splashed and spluttered through a bath, and wiped and brushed with a hearty energy that his dreamy, poet look did not well accord with. His manner was that of a strong and steady worker; his eyes and face were the eyes and face of those who see dreamy visions.

After dinner he took out a violin and began to play mystic interpretations of his day's thoughts. The wild and struggling notes sped on; for him they spoke of the day's spent force, the morning's glorious strength, noon's fierce turmoil, and then the melting evening's languid rest.

But when he went out into the street, an old gray-headed fellow, the village miller, was hanging over the gate. He looked doubtfully at young Moore.

"That stuff you were playing," he said, brushing a rough hand across his eyes, "made me start out just as I did when I was a boy, thinking I was going to the weekly singing-school. Lord, how old Rhodes used to play 'Money-musk'! There was 'Hull's Victory,' too, in those days. Martha an' me always led when there was a dancing scrape. You must come and play your music for her some evening, and she'll tell you all about it."

Ernest nodded to the old fellow and went on. "Curious," he thought, "how he should interpret it."

At the crossing on the avenue the two young men met.

"Ha, Moore!"

"How are you, Raleigh?"

It was not so much a feeling of friendship as a sense of rest in each other's society that made the two turn and walk away together.

"What are you going to do this evening?" they asked each other, in one breath.

It was just at this moment that Mrs. Forest and her daughter were sitting in their little front parlor together, and Mrs. Forest, looking across the shadows to the cool, green vines and nodding roses on the piazza, said to her daughter:

"Play something, Esther. I want to get rested before father comes."

Esther seated herself at the old-fashioned piano.

"What shall it be?" she asked, feeling rather warm with her day's toil at music-teaching.

"Anything you like, dear. Any music that comes out of our old piano fits my mood, if I only just shut my eyes while listening to it."

So Esther, in the red-and-gold sweet stillness, feeling the tender beauty of the atmosphere about her, began to rattle off "Ole Virginny"; from that she floated into the serene sweetness of "Home, Sweet Home"; and, after all, one air supplemented the other very well, as a thoughtful mood will often succeed a gay one, and as wild, stormy laughter will often be extinguished in hot, sad tears.

The difference in the two melodies is that of the color and status of the two races crying out an unutterable passion for the tenderness and sweets of home. Was it the pensive softness of the music that now drew the wandering footsteps on the street-walk through the gate up to the open door? Esther, playing on, heard her mother's cordial greeting. Glancing over her shoulder, she saw Ernest Moore's dark face framed in the vines a moment as he stopped on the porch to pick a rose.

He came and stood just behind her till she finished, then her hands dropped into her lap, and she sat silent, looking straight before her.

"If you stop now," said Dudley, who was

sitting by her mother, "we shall think it is because we came in."

"I have exhausted my mood, that is all!" Esther answered. "I don't know what else to play."

Moore laid his rose quietly before her. "All day long I have heard music in the roaring of the fires, and seen roses in the depths of the flames. I know what it meant now."

Esther laughed softly. "You mean that one can set their day's work to music if they try? I don't know that I can, always. It is too hard. It baffles me."

"What emotions!" sneered Dudley. "I do not find any mystic melodies in my dusty law books, nor do my clients' voices ring music in my ears. Who would not be a blacksmith, rather?"

Moore's dark face flushed, and, in the faint dusk, Dudley could see that the bright color shone through Esther's down-dropping curls as she turned to her music once more.

"It is the man makes labor noble, not labor the man, in this case," she said, with emphasis.

"Oh, every scholar knows that Homer sang the blacksmith into immortality!" retorted Dudley; and Esther knew that he was sneering again. "Is it not far above our ignoble trade of law to hammer the hissing, red-hot metal at one's will? I'll ask Moore to make us an iron rose some day when he's inspired."

Esther turned the music sheets disturbedly, but Moore bent towards her.

"You ask me," he said. "Will you, some time?"

She raised her lightning eyes to his. "I ask it now," she said, in a low voice, clear as fire. "I know you can do it!"

She laid a cool, firm hand in his, and his dark, disturbed face cleared and grew more noble still in its expression as he felt that light, soft touch.

Dudley, watching, felt that he had lost. He threw a persuasive note into his voice as he spoke again.

"Is Moore going to play for us, now? Come, old fellow, you have our acclamations—we admire you without a dissentient voice. Do something to show that you merit our homage."

"And you, what will you do?" Moore asked, calmly.

"I? Oh, my part shall be to listen. Half the fun of you people of glory would be spoiled if it were not for us who look on. To be admired, you know, implies the crowd that claps and does the shouting; be mine that humbler part."

Esther, with a grave and gracious dignity, rose and proffered her seat to Ernest. Then she went over and stood by the window, and gazed moodily out into the warm west of the skies.

It was a moment before she was conscious of her mother's voice saying:

"Young people do not learn a trade now as they did when I was young. In my day it was different. Girls used to spend a week getting ready for a sewing-bee or an apple-paring. Now they dress of an afternoon, complain of ennui, and go out to hear some music, to look at the latest picture, or to view some painted church-window."

"Too much lotus-eating, now," said Moore, from the piano. "Better be at the forge, even to make nothing better than iron roses, than to dawdle a listless life away over a glory on a church-window."

"Hear!" said Dudley's scornful voice.

"I remember," pursued good Mrs. Forest, happy with her theme, "when all was wild, uncleaned land about here. We used to go out to the new lumber mill on the cliffs and dance a whole Winter evening away, happy enough, too."

"That is where our picnic is to be next month," interrupted Esther. "We are going to have a May-day festival in June."

"Father and I—we were not married then—always led when there was a dance anywhere. And sometimes the wind would be so high in the pines and the water so loud over the falls that the sound of the fiddles would be lost in the tumult. But, oh, dear! we didn't mind it. I can hear it now—the rush and the roar of water—and can catch the smell of fresh lumber as it went by on the rafts in the warm, still, Winter days."

"It was the first breath I drew, that smell of lumber. If ever a song is written for me I want it to be sweet with the voices of green young pines and of swift-running water," said Esther, bending over Moore's shoulder and running a hand over the keys.

Moore looked, with a veiled question in his sombre gaze, into the rose-sweet Summer of the face so near to his.

"I will write the song for you," he said. "May I?"

She hesitated a moment, and then answered softly:

"Yes."

"We were going to have strawberries with our tea to-night," Mrs. Forest turned to Dudley, who was evidently her favorite. "I wish father would come. You will stay, won't you?"

Ernest rose suddenly, and with a constrained air made his adieu. He went out into the cooler atmosphere of the whispering twilight, and there, once free from the vexed weight of his own morbid reflections, he stopped and, taking off his hat, looked about him.

The home he had just left nestled there in the cool, moist depths of vine and starry shadow. Broad patches of light lay on the lawn before the windows—light seemed to float over him like a banner—to stretch out and beckon him into the darkness that was beyond—to fold him like mother-arms.

"The best and the worst influence of my life is there—in that room yonder," he muttered, fiercely, as he turned away.

Then he went to his own rooms, and wrote a long letter; and sat afterwards, thinking—planning—deep into the night.

He sent his letter abroad; then he went to

his work as if nothing had happened—as if nothing were to happen more.

Days passed into weeks before he got an answer to that missive that he seemed to have forged and framed that other night from his heart's blood. But each day he went, as though on a pilgrimage, to look at Esther's home.

Twice he saw Esther herself, and each time he asked her:

"Will you have faith in me?"

She answered "Yes," and smiled.

Her smile, he thought, was sweeter than the promise.

At last, one day, he came to her with a letter.

"I am going back to my own home," he said to her, abruptly, as a prelude to what he had to tell.

"Going back?" Esther looked at him in questioning surprise.

"Yes. But first—will you read this?"

Ernest placed the open sheet in the young girl's hand. She glanced at it—doubtingly, at first. It was stamped with seals, and heavy with armorial bearings, and was, moreover, directed to a neighboring village—to the "Count Friedrich Ernst von Schopen."

They read the letter together. When it was finished, he said:

"I go—if you will go with me?"

"Why did you come?" she asked—"why did you leave all this?"

She placed her hand on the open page before them.

"To forge my iron rose," was Moore's answer. "I wished to live my life freely—to learn by actual labor what a man's strength could do for him in the great work of life."

This was a new, free world—comely and proud—with a sound of ringing laughter, as well as a beat of hammers, in the great forests. There, at home, I was a noble on my father's estate, which would some day be mine. Here, I could be a noble in the blacksmith's rough cabin. I beat my crest out in the hissing iron. Then, you bade me forge the iron rose. . . . Esther, Esther! will you go back with me?"

"Is it necessary to go back?" she asked, gently.

He stared at her; his fine face quivered.

"Would you stay with me there?"

He pointed backward towards the gloomy forge.

"Why not? Was it not there, as that—the workman, not the noble—that I knew you?"

Moore drew the golden head softly to his breast, and kissed it as it rested there.

"My wife!" he said, gravely—"the best gift life has ever given me. Let me be worthy of it. Ay, I will! I will!" He looked upwards.

He took up the letter, and tore it into fine pieces—not hastily, but gravely, as a man would do who had put his best and noblest thought into the resolve which made the deed. "Farewell, Count Friedrich von Schopen," he said—"farewell to your nobility yet a little while. Yet a little longer you shall be the blacksmith at the sweating forge. Your time has not yet come!"

Then they walked home through the twilight together. When they parted at the door he said to him:

"To-morrow, after my lessons, I am going to the cliff to see the falls. It is said the view is superb now, since the heavy rains. Will you come for me?"

He promised gladly.

So—how many times he thought of it afterwards, through weary hours of weary days and nights musing on her! Oh, fool, fool! not to have cared for her safety more!—what with his happy thoughts, his dreams and his work, the time passed swiftly enough till the hour struck when he was to go to meet Esther.

He made a quick toilet and then, glad and proud, went on his way.

The path outside the village lay along the cool river side. It was a lovely hour. The spire of the gray stone church where she worshipped shot upwards against the crimson west. The water swirled and moaned, the pines bent over the steep, shelving river side, and the wild, red honeysuckle clung shyly round his quick feet—his quick and happy lover-feet.

Then he began to wonder that he did not see her. She surely could not have gone much further! This was the site of the old lumber-mill. The picnic grounds—it was to be next week, he remembered—were just here, and there was the old foot-bridge—why—where—! Ah, no! it was gone!

What fierce storm of wind and water was it that had swept that away?

But Esther, Esther!

Weak and white and trembling, he crept up and peered over that black, frowning height of horrid rock.

Ay! there she lay, white and dead, where she had struck in the dizzying downward plunge as the treacherous plank gave way beneath her feet. And Ernest looked, and then—then he clasped his shaking hands together and knelt down to pray—ay, to pray! Only God could help him now—help him to help her!

"Our Father," he muttered. "Our Father." His white lips quivered. "Help me—help me—help me!"

Then—then—was it Esther he was carrying thus, her golden hair streaming from his arms, her cold, dead cheek on his shoulder, her bruised and mangled arm hanging stark down? He remembered now, in that horrid abyss of darkness through which he was struggling, that when they parted yesterday she had turned for one moment—just one brief, heavenly moment—and putting those soft, maidenly arms about his neck, had kissed him so and whispered: "Your wife—I will be a good wife, Ernest!"

His wife—his wife! But, oh, was death ever other than death?

They buried her from the little church of St. Albans—the church where Esther worshipped—and at whose altar Moore had so

often pictured themselves standing to be made man and wife. Dreams—dreams!

The glory on the painted window streamed in and fell on her—on her sweet lips shut under the coffin lid.

There were flowers—flowers everywhere! And, oh, what tears! Some tender prayers were read, and then, Moore at the organ keys, poured out his soul of sorrow. What love, what despair, what doubt and hope, and then, oh, what struggling faith! And then, out of that tumult what light!

"It is the iron rose," thought Moore, steadily. Had she not bid him forge it? Ay, and now God's love go with her into that Darkling Land. Moore gave that to the world; it was all he could do in memory of her, then he destroyed the rest of his music and went back to his work. Ay, quivering flame, hissing metal, hammer and anvil: the sweating brow, red hot iron—iron at white heat, too. And, oh, what tears—what tears! But something will come of it. The iron rose is not yet forged. Who knows, in heaven it may be finer than fine gold.

VACCINATING EMIGRANTS AT QUARANTINE.

THE tide of emigration is already flowing faster and fuller to our shores than it did last year, when the number of new dwellers reached such a vast aggregate. A thousand a day is below the average for the first quarter of the year. Indications are now strong that during the Summer the capacity of Castle Garden will be tested beyond its limits. During the past week the energies of the Quarantine and Emigration officers were severely taxed, at one time no less than 5,000 persons being accommodated in the Garden. The officers of both bureaus were particularly alert on account of the appearance of small-pox among the immigrants that arrived by the *Victoria*. The victims were at once removed to the pavilions on Blackwell's Island, and the steamer was thoroughly fumigated at the Quarantine Station before being allowed to come up to the City of New York.

Health Officer Smith and Deputy McCartney went on board to vaccinate those who had not been vaccinated previously. There were about one hundred Russians and Poles who strongly protested against the operation, asserting that they dreaded it as much as they did small-pox. They threatened the doctors with violence if they persisted, and for a time there was a scene of great excitement. Fearing that the rebels would carry out their threats, the crew of the Quarantine steamer was called on board the *Victoria*, and, with the crew of the latter, forced most of the recalcitrants to submit. About a dozen, however, absolutely refused to be vaccinated, and these were transferred to the Quarantine steamer to be taken to Swinburne Island. Upon being told that they would probably be detained several weeks, a few more allowed the operation to be performed. After the passengers had been vaccinated, their bedding was burned and the vessel thoroughly fumigated.

THE MAY MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE rehearsals during the last week for the grand musical festival, beginning May 3d, were scarcely less interesting than the festival itself. The scene of this great musical event, the drill-room of the Seventh Regiment Armory, had been specially prepared for the occasion by the erection of a stage in the west end of the room, extending almost from wall to wall, at least twenty feet high in the rear and slanting down in tiers to a height in front of about six feet. Against the west wall, crowning the middle of this great structure, stands the organ, lent to the Festival Association by the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, the supporting frame being decorated by maroon-colored drapery. The front pipes appear with their original decoration in light-blue and gold. The large wooden pipes of the thirty-two foot open diapason stop are exposed in two sections, one on each side of the organ; and the swell-box is also visible. The front of the stage, and the narrow front of each platform as it rises above the one before it, are also draped with maroon-colored cloth. Banners of the same material were stretched over the iron trusses in the lantern about seventy feet above the hall floor, for the purpose of improving the acoustic qualities by deadening the reverberations. An extension about eight feet in width had been built to the balconies in the east end of the hall, and the two divisions (which are separated by the Lexington Avenue door) connected by a bridge. These were the only changes in the architectural appearance of the interior. The height of the stage, and the disposition of the chairs of the singers and players, secured a view of the performing forces from any point in the room, and for that reason no change was made in the pitch of the floor. The entire front part of the stage, from side to side, is devoted to the orchestra. The string band of forty first violins, forty seconds and violas and violoncellos in proportion, are grouped immediately in front at either hand of the conductor, receding from his plane. The bass violi stretch out in both directions in front of the side divisions of the chorus, and the last seven tiers of both sides are occupied by the brass, wood, wind and percussion instruments. For the performance of Berlioz's "Requiem Mass," on the second night of the festival (May 4th), additional orchestras of brass instruments will be placed at the four corners of the stage. The chairs of the chorus singers are divided by aisles into three sections, of which the middle one surrounds three sides of the organ.

Our illustration shows the scene on the occasion of the semi-public rehearsal, on the evening of April 26th, of Rubenstein's "Tower of Babel" and Handel's "Gottingen Te Deum." In the presence of an immense audience of invited guests, the grand orchestra were present and most of the chorus, together with Miss Annie Louise Cary, Signor Campanini, and Mr. Remmert, the soloists. The boy chorus was also fully represented for the angels' voices. No one conversant with the labor that has been given to the production of the elaborate programmes arranged by Dr. Damrosch and his assistants has expected anything less than a magnificent performance as the result of months of conscientious hard work and faithful practice, but the quality of the rehearsal was a real surprise to the general public. The various sections of the force of 1,200 singers have been thoroughly drilled, and they sang with intense spirit and vigor. The solo parts, in the hands of Miss Cary, Signor Campanini and Mr. Remmert, were given with admirable effect. The tenor, particularly, with his characteristic unselfishness, sang the music of the part of Abraham with as much fire and zeal as if he had been in the performance of the work instead of the rehearsal. The scene was as brilliant as the music was enjoyable.

Schools in Old Rome.

AT seven years of age the Roman boys studied Greek and Latin grammar together. The sons of centurions went to school at 5 A.M., with their satchels and counting-tables slung over their shoulders, and studied in schoolrooms on the ground floor, where they were so well and thoroughly flogged that their howls aroused the neighbors at very unreasonable hours. Martial and other satirists spoke of their cries and blubberings as one of the chief nuisances of the early morning hours, almost

as great a pest to late risers as our street cries, in fact. The masters were great disciplinarians, and esteemed corporal punishment one of the chief means of inducing that precious boon, knowledge, into dull heads. If a boy pronounced a single syllable wrong he was beaten black and blue, and his body so covered with weals and welts that it resembled a patchwork coverlet or a coat of many colors. The ancients believed that boys were naturally vicious and required taming. So great a teacher as Plato laid down the axiom that "A boy was the most ferocious of animals." Others, like Quintilian, protested against undue flogging. Pictures found in Herculaneum showed that the English system of flogging was likewise in vogue; also, that in some schools both sexes were together, although the education of girls was comparatively neglected.

In the higher social circle girls were taught music and dancing, and other fashionable branches, as nowadays. School books were as cheap as with us fifty years ago. A text-book with seven hundred verses could be had in three separate editions for eighty, thirty, and even as low as eight cents. Tuition was very cheap, less than a cent a day. The boys had holidays in March and December and a long vacation in the summer, from June 24th to October 19th, a great part of which was spent with their parents at Roman Newport and Conny Islands. At fourteen they were put into high schools, where they studied rhetoric, poetry, and belles-lettres generally, their previous efforts having been confined to reading, writing and arithmetic, with Greek and Latin in grammar and verses. The younger children were taught their letters and numerals by means of small ivory blocks, as at the present day. The pay of a teacher was \$30 a year, about one hundred times less than that of a ballet-dancer.

Our Enormous Trade with Cuba.

A HAVANA correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes: "People who have not given the subject close attention do not appreciate the extent of our relations with Cuba. In 1880 this island produced 530,000 tons of sugar. It consumed 50,000 tons. The United States bought 405,000 tons, while 55,000 tons only were purchased by all other countries. This is about the average for the last ten years. There was a falling-off in the sugar crop of Cuba for this year, which has caused a great deal of comment and speculation. Some attribute it to the changed condition of the negro under gradual emancipation. The crop is not so far behind the average of the last ten years that the falling-off cannot fairly be accounted for by the excessive drought during nearly all of the growing season. The money value of the sugar product of Cuba imported into the United States in 1880 was \$57,170,275, divided as follows: 25,000,000 lbs. of molasses, worth \$6,435,786; 35,000,000 lbs. of Molande and syrup of sugar cane, worth \$1,139,517. Of brown sugar there was 1,067,330,787 pounds, worth \$49,594,840. The importation will be about the same for the year 1881."

"Cuba produces about one-tenth of the cane-sugar of the world, and the United States buys nearly all its product. Cuba formerly produced one-third of the cane-sugar grown. British East Indies and other localities have greatly increased their production of cane-sugar within the last few years. Beet sugar now regulates the price of sugar the world over, and is being produced in such quantities as to very greatly affect the sugar products of the world. It owes all its prosperity to the first Napoleon, who started the product to make his country independent of other countries. The bulk of beet-sugar is produced in the old countries. This industry is in its infancy in the United States. What the possibilities of our soil and climate are in this direction are worthy of thoughtful consideration and thorough trial by our agriculturists."

"As Cuba grows sugar almost exclusively for the United States, so does she most of her other products. In 1880 the United States imported 9,229,637 pounds of leaf tobacco, worth \$1,742,701, also 618,207 pounds of cigars, worth \$2,349,840, and \$4,339 worth of other manufactured tobacco, making a total of \$7,096,930. This is nearly a million dollars larger than any of our former importations of tobacco from the island, and it will probably be increased this year. Cuba this year has grown an immense crop of tobacco. Its quality is not of the best, on account of the excessive rain during growth. It is, nevertheless, estimated to be worth \$35,000,000. It is safe to estimate that 100,000,000 worth of sugar and tobacco are grown on the island every year. Add this vast sum to its fruits and valuable woods of different descriptions, and it is striking evidence of the fact that the million and a half of people who inhabit this island produce more from the ground than a like number of people anywhere on the face of the earth."

"The United States is every year consuming more and more of these products. It now pays \$75,000,000 per annum for them. And yet the Spanish policy is almost arbitrarily against our interests. It strives to force the inhabitants of Cuba to deal with the mother country by imposing heavy duties upon all our products. Yet it has very little to sell that the people on this island need. They are much more closely allied to us in interest than they are to Spain. They want our products, and yet, while we are taking of theirs, Spain puts up a bar against their taking ours in return. The denial by the Spanish Government of fair commercial relations between Cuba and the United States has much to do with keeping up the friction between the people of the island and the Home Government."

A Buddhist Monastery.

At half-past five o'clock in the morning all rise and perform their ablutions. The proper time according to the dina charyawa, is before daylight, which in the low latitudes never comes much before six. After washing, they all arrange themselves before the image of Buddha, the abbot at their head, the rest of the community, monks, novices and pupils, according to their order. All together intone their morning prayers. This done, they each in their ranks present themselves before the youngpogo, and pledge themselves to observe during the day the vows or precepts incumbent upon them. They then separate for a short time, the pupils to sweep the floor of the kyoung, and bring the drinking water for the day, filter it, and place it ready for use; the novices and others of full rank to sweep round the sacred botree and water it; the elders to meditate in solitude on the regulations of the Order. Some also offer flowers before the yagoda, thinking the while of the great virtues of the teacher and of their own shortcomings.

Then comes the first meal of the day, after which the whole community betakes itself to study for an hour. Afterwards, about eight o'clock or a little later, they set forth in an orderly procession, with the abbot at their head, to beg their food. Slowly they wend their way through the chief street of the town or village, halting when any one comes out to pour his contribution into the big soup-tureen-like alms bowl, but never saying a word. It is they who confer the favor, not the givers. Were it not for the passing of the mendicants the charitable would not have the opportunity of gaining for themselves merit. Not even a look rewards the most bounteous donation. With downcast eyes and hands clasped beneath the begging bowl, they pass on solemnly, meditating on their unworthiness and the vileness of all human things. Of course, there are certain places where they receive a daily dole, but should the open-handed goodwill have been delayed at the market chatting with the gossip, or the pious old head of the house be away from home, the recluses would rather go without breakfast than halt for a second, as if implying that they remembered the house as an ordinary place of call.

It is a furlong on the noble path lost to the absence, and the double ration of the following day is noted without a phantom of acknowledgment. So they pass round, circling back to the monastery after a perambulation lasting perhaps an hour or an hour and a half. A portion of all the alms received on the tour is solemnly ordered to Buddha, and then all take their breakfast.

In former days this used to consist solely of what had been received during the morning, but the majority of monasteries have, and to say, fallen away from the strictness of the old rule. Only a few of the more austere abbots enforce the observance of the earlier asceticism. Most communities are much better than would be possible if they ate the miscellaneous conglomerate which is turned out of the alms bowls. That indiscriminate mixture of rice, cooked and raw; peas, boiled and parched; fish, flesh and fowl, curried and plain; gnapoe (a condiment made of decayed fish, smelling horribly and tasting like anchovy sauce gone bad, but nevertheless, wonderfully esteemed by the Burmans) and let-hpet (pickled tea), is but seldom consumed by the ascetics of the present day. It is handed over to the little boys, the scholars of the community, who eat as much of it as they can and give the rest of it to the cows and the pariah dogs. The hpongs-yeas and poyins find a breakfast ready prepared for them when they return from their morning's walk, and are ready to set to with healthy appetites. Breakfast done, they wash out the begging bowls and chant a few prayers before the image of Buddha, meditating for a short time on kindness and affection. During the succeeding hour the scholars are allowed to play about, but must not make a noise; the monks pass the time in leisurely conversing; the abbot usually has visits from old people, or the kyoungtong, the patron of his benefice, who comes to consult with him in various matters, or to converse on religion.

About half-past eleven there is a light refectory of fruits, and then their work begins again. If no one of his own choice cares to teach the lay scholars some one is selected by the abbot. The monks and novices take up their commentaries, or, perhaps, copy one out, asking the abbot or one of the yahaus about passages which they do not understand. This goes on until three o'clock, when the shins and scholars perform any domestic duties which may be required about the monastery. The scholars are then at liberty to run home and get some dinner, as nothing solid is eaten in the monastery after noon. They return at six o'clock, or sunset, recalled by the unmelodious sounds of a big wooden bell struck with a heavy mallet. This serves also as a summons for the regular members of the Order, who have probably been out for a stroll to some neighbors, or to the pagoda.

From twilight till half-past eight scholars and novices stand before the abbot and some of the yahaus and recite all that they have learned, the whole sum of their literary knowledge, from the letters in the them-bon-gyee, the A, B, C, up to the book which was last committed to memory. The Pali rituals are chanted with surprising energy, abundance of sound supplying the place of a knowledge of the sense.

Immense Commerce via the Mississippi.

THE St. Paul Press says: "Scarcely ten years have elapsed since the Lower Mississippi Transportation Company originated the system of cheap conveyance for grain, by means of barge lines conveyed by tugs. Since then several other companies have been formed for the same object, and their transactions now assume enormous dimensions. An amount of grain sufficient to load five trains daily leave St. Louis for New York or foreign ports by these lines. This is too serious an encroachment upon railway business to pass any longer unheeded. The recent unprecedented scaling of freight rates, among other causes, is doubtless due to a sense of the disadvantage of competing with water rates. It marks the beginning of a contest which all classes can view with complacency."

Development in Mexico.

MEXICO is undergoing a rapid transformation. In the short space of seven months \$68,000,000 have been invested in railroad and mining enterprises by American capitalists. Texans and Californians are purchasing sugar and coffee plantations, and each steamer brings some speculators. The Spanish organs and some of the Mexican journals continue their warnings against this influx of Americans, and urge the Administration to encourage European emigration.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, England, has recently completed the first century of its existence.

A School of Gardening and Practical Floriculture has been established at the London Crystal Palace, under the superintendence of Mr. Edward Milner.

All the obstacles which have prevented the reconstruction of the Sorbonne being accomplished have been removed by M. Jules Ferry, and the work will begin immediately. The same may be said of the isolation of the Public Library of Paris, all the required expropriations having been decreed.

M. Daudigny, electrical engineer in Paris, has sent to the Municipal Council a petition asking for authority to establish on the top of the Colonne de Juillet a large electric lamp fed by a magneto-electric machine of fifty horse-power. This enormous light is to be diffused by a large reflector of special construction.

The Detective Camera is a new photographic feat. It enables photographs to be taken in the street, or anywhere else, without the person or persons photographed being aware of the fact, and is calculated to inspire a lively terror among that class of celebrities who object to having their portraits taken. Externally it is made to look like a book or small box. Several excellent street scenes have been secured by this device.

The Results of appointing a totally inexperienced and unknown man to the head of the English Registrar-General's department, just before the taking of the census, are already beginning to be felt. Complaints of mismanagement are rife—whole streets in London not served with the census-papers, and in many cases those which were delivered have not yet been collected, and run some risk of being utilized for fire-lighting purposes.

The Hottest Climate in the world probably occurs in the desert interior of Australia. Captain Stuart hung a thermometer in a tree, sheltered both from the sun and the wind. It was graduated to 127 degrees of Fahrenheit, yet so great was the heat of the air that the mercury rose till it burst the tube; and the temperature must have been, at least, 128 degrees, apparently the highest ever recorded in any part of the world. Nevertheless, in the Southern mountains and table lands three feet of snow sometimes fall in a day.

The Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin gives notice that from January 1st, 1879, the new term for competition for the third Bressa Prize has begun, to which, according to the testator's will, scientific men and inventors of all nations will be admitted. A prize will therefore be given to the scientific author or inventor, whatever be his nationality, who, during the years 1879-1882, "according to the judgment of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin, shall have made the most important and useful discovery, or published the most valuable work on physical and experimental sci-

ence, natural history, mathematics, chemistry, physiology and pathology, as well as geology, history, geography, and statistics." The term will be closed at the end of December, 1882. The value of the prize amounts to 12,000 Italian lire. The prize will in no case be given to any of the national members of the Academy of Turin, resident or non-resident.

An Apparatus for transmitting pictures by telegraph is now on exhibition at the Royal Institution, London. It consists of a "mosaic" of selenium cells, each cell in telegraphic communication with one of a corresponding number of devices, by which a small mirror is adjusted to throw more or less light on a screen. They thus hope to produce a pattern in light and shade corresponding with the amount of light and shade thrown on the selenium cells by a picture thrown on them from a magic lantern or otherwise, just as a photograph represents in light and shade the object from which it is taken. The inventors hope to use a few cells only, moving rapidly over the field of view, and also to limit the number of wires which would be required if each cell had a separate circuit. Further, they are trying to avail themselves of the properties of the Japanese "magic mirror," by using a metal plate and a system of magnets behind it. They think it might be possible thus to act upon its surface sufficiently to affect the shadows thrown on it, and even to make them represent the figures thrown on the selenium cells, as the shadows from the "magic mirror" represent the invisible figures impressed upon it.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Greek Frontier Question.

The last proposal for ceding certain Turkish territory to Greece, which appears to have been accepted by the latter, gives Greece considerably more territory than that offered by the Turkish note of October 3d, 1880. The territory now offered in Thessaly comprises Larissa, Trikala, Tirnova, and the whole valley of the Salembria, but excludes Preveza and Metsova. The Congress of Berlin, it will be remembered, "recommended" the Porte to cede to Greece, in addition to the territory now offered, the famous city of Janina, the capital of Epirus, and the surrounding district, which Turkey has all along positively refused to do, as well as to give up the island of Crete. Epirus and Thessaly, the two Turkish provinces which were demanded by Greece, occupy that part of the southeastern European peninsula between the Adriatic and the Aegean Seas, to the north of the kingdom of Greece, and are divided from each other by the Pindus Mountain range. The Mount Olympus of Homeric mythology is in the north of Thessaly, beyond the proposed frontier line. Thessaly, extending west of the Pindus range to the Gulf of Salonica and the Gulf of Volo, is a plain of great fertility, with the towns of Trikala, Larissa and Ambelakia in good situations for trade. Larissa, the capital, thirty miles south of Mount Olympus and twenty miles from the sea, has 30,000 inhabitants, with quite extensive cotton and silk manufactures.

Gounod's New Opera.

Gounod intends, in the "Tribute of Zamora," to take his farewell of the lyric stage. But as he never tasted before in a more delightful manner the fruits of celebrity he may, perhaps, change his mind. He has been paid \$4,000 by his publisher for the score, the journals have lauded and bepraised him, and he led the orchestra on the night of the first representation under exceptionally gratifying conditions. Mlle. Krauss was much applauded in the rôle of Hermosa, and the baritone Lassalle, who played the difficult and superb rôle of Ben Said, elicited well-merited applause. Mlle. Krauss sang with intense feeling, and displayed an unusual range of voice. This part, indeed, is one of her best creations. Mlle. Daram, as Fatima, had a large share of the success. The duet between Krauss and Daram, and other part-songs, were especially admired, as well as two magnificent choruses, one of them being encored. The singers were called several times on the stage, and the music of the ballets was received with similar admiration. This has been, in fact, one of the greatest events the national opera can record.

The Invasion of Tunis.

The French are conducting the invasion of Tunisian territory with much rapidity. They first captured the fort at Tabarca; then leaving a force there to fortify and hold the place against an attack, they marched in several divisions into the interior. One column occupied Kef, and thence started through the Oued-Melah Valley to the Medjerda Valley, while a second entered the latter with the intention of occupying Beja, on the border of the Kroumir country. A third division crossed the frontier heights to attack the Kroumirs in front, while the troops landed at Tabarca struck them in the rear. The Governors of Kef and Beja, in answer to a telegram for instructions, received orders from the Bey to surrender to the French under protest. Meanwhile the Sultan indorses the entire action of the Bey, and will bring the question to the attention of the Powers.

The Earthquake on the Island of Chios.

The Island of Chios, in the Grecian Archipelago, which was visited by the great earthquake on April 6th, is a rocky but very beautiful and fertile island in the Aegean, separated from the western extremity of Asia Minor by a narrow strait. It is about seventy miles west of Smyrna, on the mainland, where the shock of the earthquake was also felt. The approach to the island is signalized at a great distance by the lofty peak of Mount Elias, which rises to an altitude of several thousand feet. As the traveler enters the narrow channel between Solo and the mainland, the prospect is extremely beautiful. The white walls of villages gleam out of the groves by which they are surrounded; the mountain slopes are clothed with olive and fig plantations; the shores are bold and picturesque, occasionally indented with little coves and narrow beaches of white sand, and wherever there is a glimpse of a plain, there are to be seen immense orchards of orange-trees, laden with golden fruit, the perfume of which is wafted far out to sea. The island is thirty-two miles in length from north to south, and eighteen miles in breadth at its widest point. Its area is about 508 square miles. Solo is the reported birthplace of Homer. Castro, the capital city, has a good harbor, some manufactures of silk and velvet, and a lively trade. Its population is about 15,000, and that of the whole island 60,000, most of them Turks. It is impossible to say what the number of victims would have been if a second shock had not displaced the ruins formed by the first, and thus permitted thousands of sufferers to escape or to be rescued by others from the horrible imprisonment to which they had been condemned. In the town the victims have been very numerous. The quarters most damaged are the citadel, the Atzikis quarter, and the industrial quarter. Beneath the ruins of the citadel alone 500 victims at least must be buried. Among others there are forty Turkish women who were engaged in prayer in an oratory situated in the court of the castle. The Government palace and buildings, the telegraph office and the mosque, are little better than tottering ruins. Scarcely a minaret in the town remains upright. The Frank quarter may be said to have suffered the least of any, but even here there is not a house the walls of which do not exhibit one or more ominous-looking crevices. All the disures and crevices run from east to west. In the industrial quarter scarcely a house remains standing, and whole families of from ten to fifteen persons have perished, or must perish, beneath the ruins.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—POST-CARDS with reply prepaid have been introduced in Paris.

—THE new Natural History Museum at South Kensington was opened on Easter Monday without any ceremony.

—A DISPATCH from Candahar says that the rumors of a mutiny and rebellion at Herat are unfounded.

—THE Nashville Exposition was formally opened on April 27th, with a military parade and imposing ceremonies.

—SEVEN tons of maple sugar have been gathered this season from two groves at North Harpersfield, in Delaware County, N. Y.

—THE trustees of the Cincinnati Art Museum have selected Eden Park as the site for the museum. The amount subscribed and paid is \$300,000.

—THE indications in South America are that Chili will either annex or permanently occupy Peru, as there is not money enough in the country to pay a war indemnity.

—ACTING COMMISSIONER HOLCOMB, of the Interior Department, reports, after examining the statutes, that the United States is bound to prevent immigration into the Indian Territory.

—REPORTS from the Winter wheat-growing sections of Indiana and Kansas represent the growing crop as being in a most promising condition, and predict a more than average yield.

—THE German Government, having prohibited the use of tobacco by boys under sixteen years of age, is considering the practicability of still more stringent laws, including the prohibition of beer in the army.

—NINE persons are now under arrest at Constantinople charged with complicity in the murder of the Sultan Abdul Aziz, including a Hungarian renegade, who was his physician. The trial will be conducted publicly.

—ATTORNEY-GENERAL McVRAUGH has rendered an opinion declaring that the Postmaster-General is the sole arbiter in deciding what are and what are not fraudulent lotteries, and may stop lotteries addressed to lottery companies.

—THE old home of Lincoln was recently torn down at Springfield. A boy bought all the shingles for a dollar, and, with a scroll-saw, is turning them into ornamental mementoes, which he easily sells at from fifty cents to one dollar each.

—GLASGOW papers say that Catherine Marshall, aged fourteen years, daughter of a railway laborer, has not taken food since the beginning of the present year. She takes a little water daily, but scarcely sleeps. She is greatly emaciated, but her pulse is perfectly natural.

—Two steamers with 1,400 Chinese immigrants have just arrived at San Francisco. Two bars are on their way to Victoria and Westminster, British Columbia, with over five hundred. A Californian capitalist and his associate railroad builders, have sent an agent to China for 5,000 coolies. Other speculators have sent there for large numbers, to anticipate the effect of the new treaty.

—AMONG the interesting discoveries made by the French Trans-Saharan Commission is that of a large city called Cedrada, the ruins of which are covered with the sands of the desert. It is situated in the valley of the Wed Wya, and near it in former times was a number of springs which afforded water for very large groves of palm-trees. It is expected that with some labor the wells can be reopened.

—BISHOP BORGES of the Detroit Roman Catholic diocese, has issued a pastoral, in which he forbids and prohibits all Roman Catholics in his diocese from originating or participating in any public picnic, excursion on rivers, lakes or railroads on Sunday, holy day, or any other day of the week. Moreover, he forbids the holding of fairs for the benefit of churches, schools, or other charitable institutions, without first submitting for his approval in writing the reasons therefor.

—THE largest peach-orchard in the world is said to be in Chambers County, Ala., near the Georgia line. It contains 250 acres, has yielded \$70,000 worth of peaches and is owned by John Parnell, a brother of the Irish agitator. He came to this country some dozen years ago, and bought an old and worn-out farm, which he has converted into this immense peach orchard, and is always the first to have early peaches on the market, for which he receives high prices. He is getting rich at the business.

—A NUMBER of members of the St. Petersburg Yacht Club, the swell club of the Russian capital, will start on a voyage around the world next summer in a steam yacht built for the purpose in Sweden. The arrangements are described as wonderfully luxurious. A fine library will be taken along, and special concerts will relieve the monotony of the days at sea, eminent artists having been engaged for the purpose. The steamer will sail under the flag of the yacht club, which is said to be substantially identical with the flag of the imperial navy, the club having been accorded the privilege of carrying it as a special token of the Emperor's favor.

—THE town of Buenaventura, one of the most important commercial towns on the Pacific coast of Colombia, was almost entirely destroyed by fire on the 12th inst. The houses were mostly built of wood, with thatched roofs. The fire started in the centre of the business portion, in the kitchen of a private house. Merchants were unable to save their books, papers or anything of value. Three persons are said to have lost their lives. The losses are estimated at \$1,000,000. The Custom House was destroyed, also the Post Office, with all the correspondence for abroad; the latter was large and valuable. Over 1,500 people were rendered homeless, and are in a condition bordering on starvation.

—A New York merchant who has a large iron mill in Pennsylvania heard a few months ago that his employes intended to found a small library for their own use. He at once selected and purchased, from his own purse, a library of five thousand volumes, provided proper apartments in which to take care of it, and handed it over to his employes. That library will prove a good business investment. Men worth keeping are not likely to go away from such a special benefit to them and their families. The better class of workmen elsewhere will be attracted to the mills that offer the use of a large collection of books in addition to their weekly pay, while the mere tramps in that particular department of labor will find the mill not at all to their taste, for somehow drunkenness and strikes are quite infrequent in the neighborhood of good libraries.

—THERE is some query as to what becomes of the gold and silver coinage of the Government mints. Every month 5,000,000 of five and ten-dollar gold pieces are being coined, and there is more than enough bullion on hand to keep the mint going at this rate for a year. This coin is paid out to bullion owners, who bring their gold for coinage, and it then disappears. Very little finds its way to the banks, and the increase in the Treasury stock is not rapid. Mr. Burchard, the Director of the Mint, is very much inclined to the opinion that it is absorbed by the working classes, who hoard small sums of hard cash rather than place it in the savings banks, as they would do were they only able to secure possession of the perishable paper. A five or a ten-dollar gold piece put away once a month by a large proportion of artisans and laborers would readily account for its disappearance.

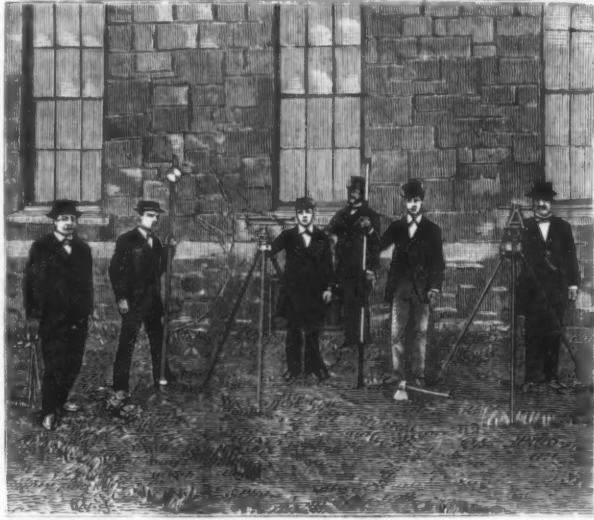
WORCESTER FREE INSTITUTE.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

UPON the brow of a commanding eminence, at a distance of two miles from the picturesque little City of Worcester, Mass., stands the handsome and imposing building known as the Worcester Free Institute. The school was founded by



STEPHEN SALISBURY, PRESIDENT OF THE SCHOOL.



A GROUP OF SURVEYORS.

John Boynton in 1865, a gentleman who began life as a tinsmith, and who, after a brave and earnest struggle, came out victorious—his honor lily white, his name a synonym for directness of purpose and commercial integrity in the purest acceptance of the somewhat hackneyed term. Having borne the heat and burden of the day, it came to John Boynton to ponder over what he had gone through—this with a view towards smoothing the path for others who were preparing to gird on the armor ere entering the arena in which he himself had striven so gallantly against such heavy odds, who had not the same chances even as he had—and the outcome of honest John Boynton's cogitations may be given in his own words:

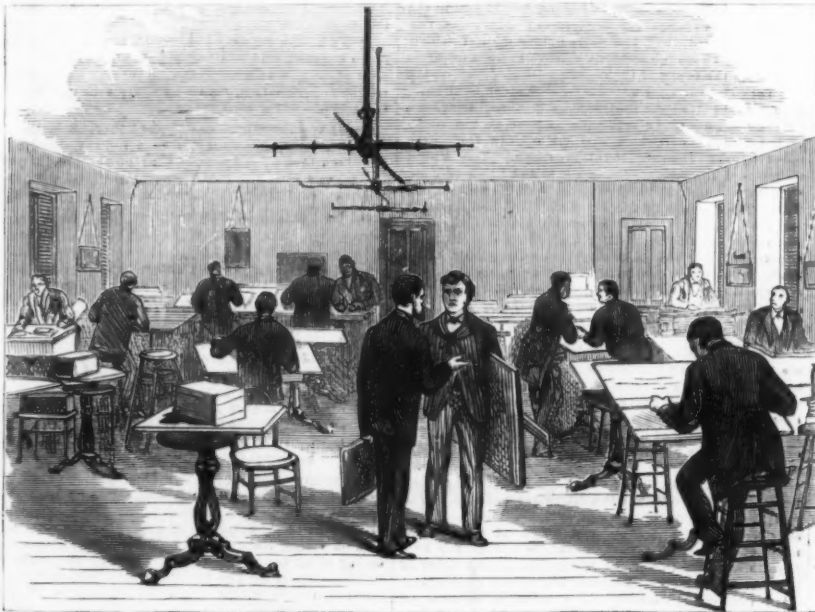
"Being desirous to devote a portion of the property, which, in the good

providence of God, has fallen to my lot, for the promotion of the welfare and happiness of my fellow-men, I have determined to set apart, and do hereby set apart and give the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for the endowment and perpetual support of a Free School or Institute, to be established in the County of Worcester, for the benefit of the youth of that county.

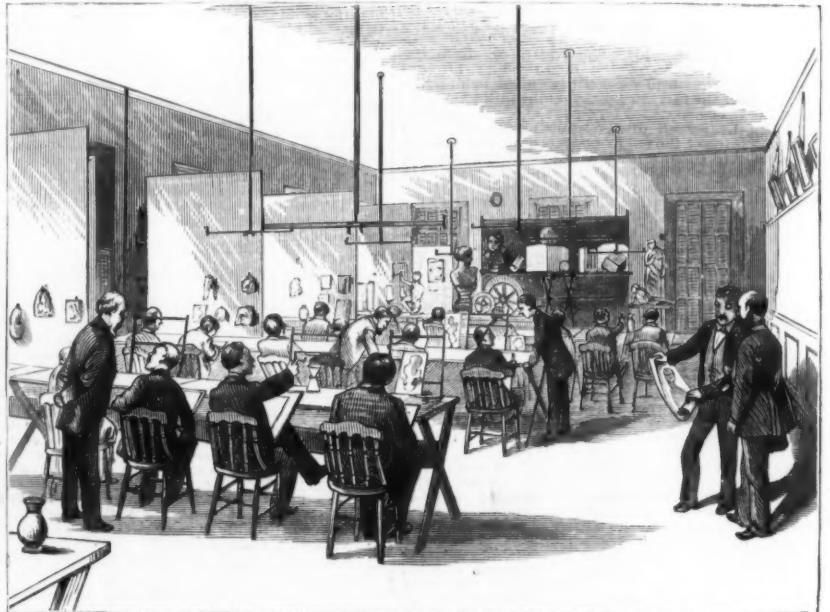
"The aim of this school shall ever be the instruction of youth in those branches of education not usually taught in



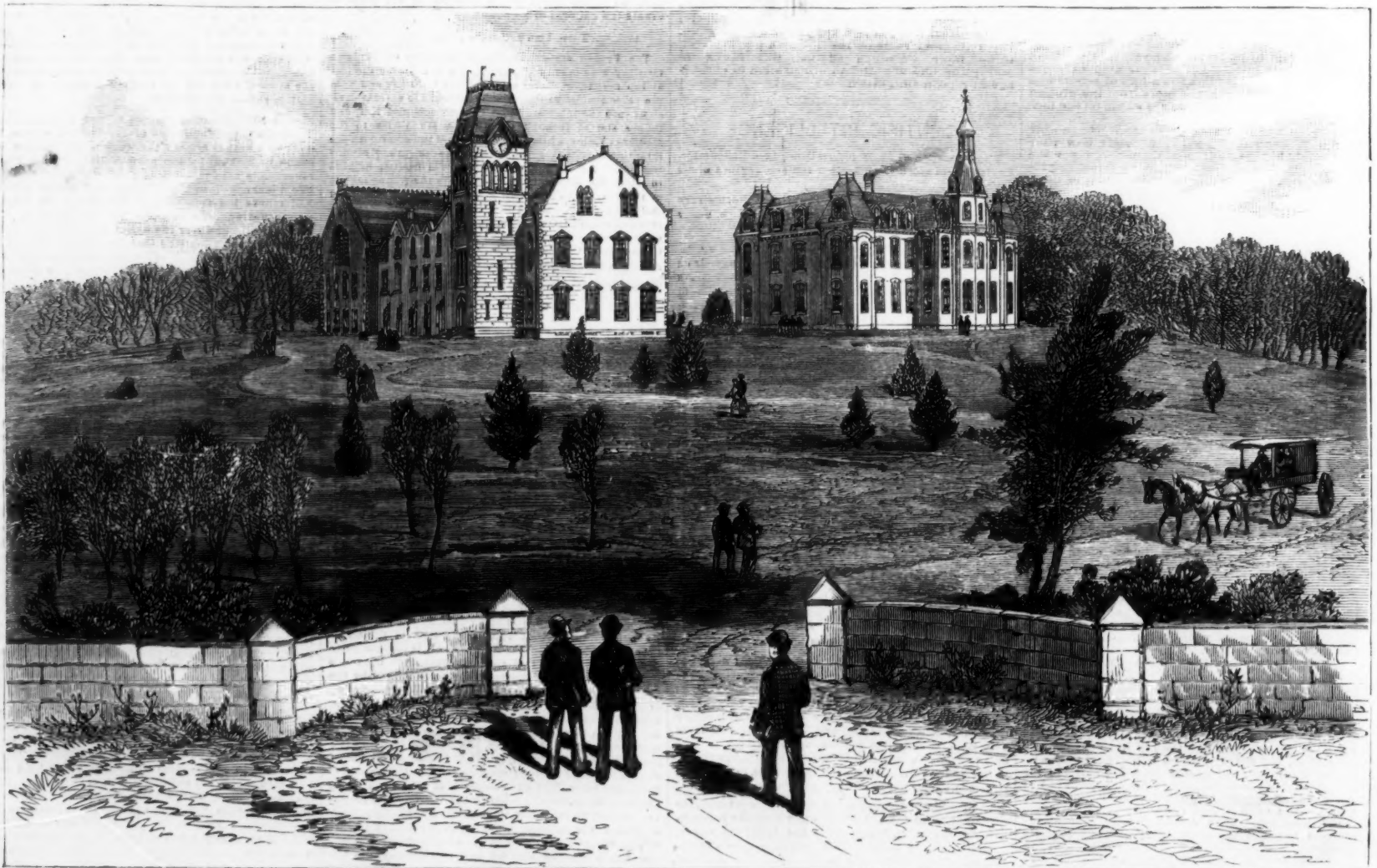
PROFESSOR CHARLES O. THOMPSON.



MECHANICAL DRAWING-ROOM.



FREE DRAWING-ROOM.



THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS OF THE INSTITUTE.

PROGRESS OF TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.—THE FREE INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE AT WORCESTER, MASS.

the public schools which are essential and best adapted to train the young for practical life; and, especially, that such as are intending to be mechanics, or manufacturers, or farmers, may attain an understanding of the principles of science applicable to their pursuits which will qualify them in the best manner for an intelligent and successful prosecution of their business; and that such as intend to devote themselves to any of the branches of mercantile business shall in like manner be instructed in those parts of learning most serviceable to them; and that such as design to become teachers of common schools, or schools of the like character as our common schools, may be in the best manner fitted for their calling; and the various schemes of study and courses of instruction shall always be in accordance with this fundamental design, so as thereby to meet a want which our public schools have hitherto but inadequately supplied."

Then out steps the Hon. Stephen Salisbury, another of Worcester's thinking sons—a graduate of Harvard, by-the-way—and with a gift of \$200,000, specially to enable the Institute to receive students who are not residents of the County of Worcester, quoth he: "There is no intention and no desire to



THE FORGE SHOP.

speak, and his manner is thoroughly impressive from the earnestness of the man.

"We are justly proud of our Institute, sir," he exclaimed, after I had presented my FRANK LESLIE credentials. "We are, I may say, unique in our way. We have never been in debt, for we believe that solvency is the boundary line of success. Our available income is \$22,000, and from tuitions we receive \$3,000. We show a surplus, and have all the pupils we can accommodate, and have all the work we can possibly do."

"Will you kindly explain to me the exact objects of the Institute, doctor?"

Dr. Thompson leaped into his subject.

"This Technical School was chartered by the Legislature of Massachusetts, May 10th, 1865, and opened for the reception of students November 12th, 1868. It is authorized to hold property to the amount of one million dollars. The City of Worcester, where it is located, contains about 60,000 inhabitants, who are largely engaged in manufactures, and characterized by unusual intelligence, sobriety and thrift. A great variety of work is always available through the liberality of the proprietors of Worcester shops, for the advantage of

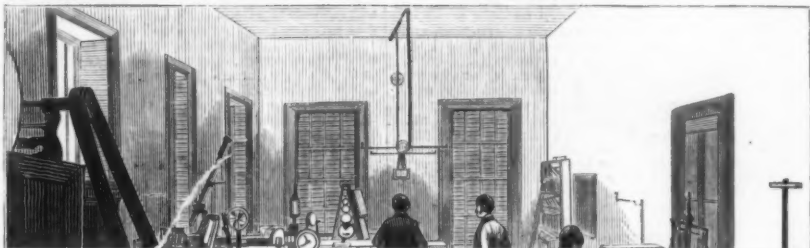


A GROUP OF MACHINISTS.

statistical architecture meant poetry in stone. To all the rich ones of the earth who would build themselves lordly places, I recommend a peep at Mr. Jonas Clarke's mansion on Elm Avenue.

The neighboring hill is topped by the Free Institute, an imposing building of granite, with a frontage of 146 feet, a depth of 61 feet, and boasting a tower 85 feet high. The Institute was built by contributions from the City of Worcester, over \$15,000 having been subscribed by workmen in twenty shops and factories, a donation doubly welcome, as fur-

Dr. Thompson, a man of science and industry, and a thoroughly practical man, was the first to see the need of a technical school in Worcester. He was a native of the city, and had spent his early years in the shops and factories. He was a man of great energy and determination, and he was determined to do something for his city. He was a man of great vision, and he saw the need of a technical school in Worcester. He was a man of great courage, and he was willing to stand up for his vision. He was a man of great faith, and he was willing to believe in his vision. He was a man of great love, and he was willing to love his city. He was a man of great hope, and he was willing to hope for the future of his city. He was a man of great faith, and he was willing to believe in his vision. He was a man of great courage, and he was willing to stand up for his vision. He was a man of great faith, and he was willing to believe in his vision. He was a man of great love, and he was willing to love his city. He was a man of great hope, and he was willing to hope for the future of his city.

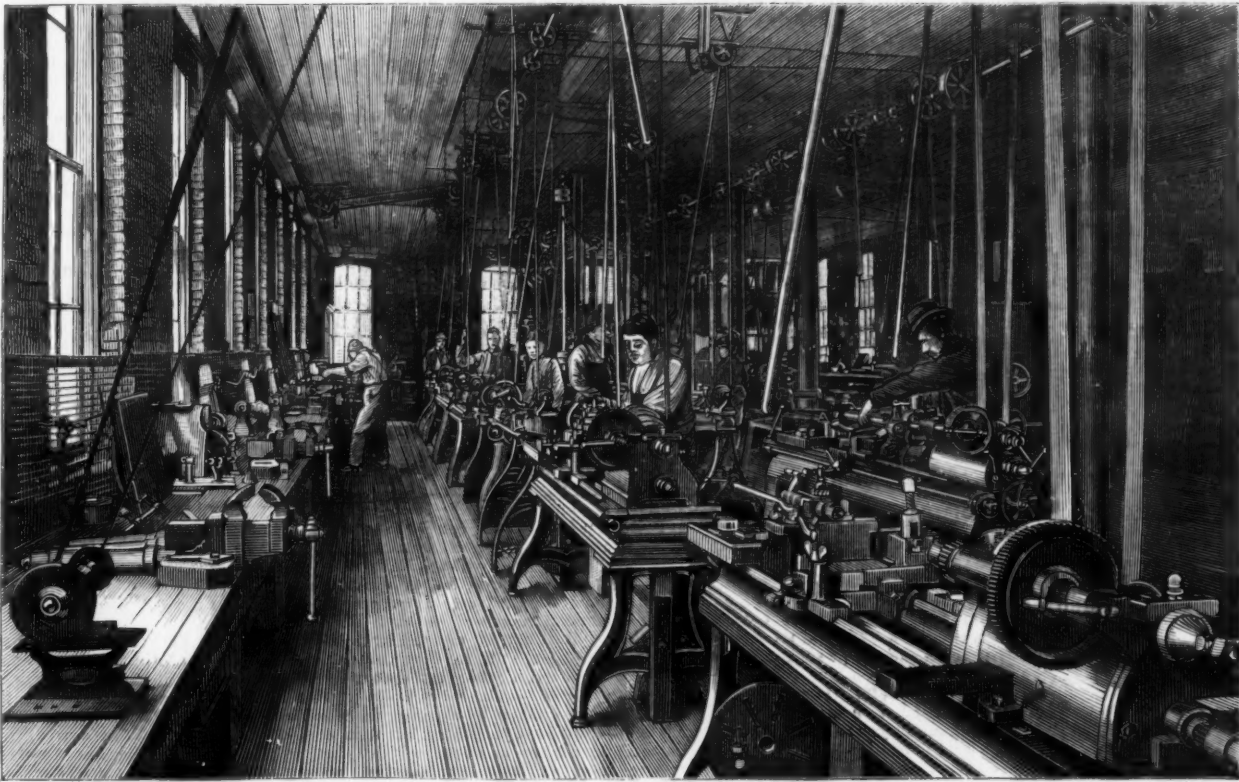


THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

establish here a rival or a substitute for the college. This school will not attempt to turn out, in this short period, an Arkwright, a Stephen son, or a Fulton, but it may give facilities and help which these great mechanics did not possess."

It was on a glorious day in last week that I arrived in the City of Worcester. The railway depot, a charming specimen of twelfth-century Gothic, is, as regards appearance, convenience and comfort, an absolute model for boards of directors possessed of architectural proclivities. Worcester dates from 1685, but its gradual uprise began in 1713, the Indians, who called it "Quinsigamond," having assiduously depopulated it upon more than one occasion, notably in 1702. Worcester now boasts 60,000 souls.

The Free Institute is situated about two miles from the city, and to reach it one has to pass through avenues of the most quaint and picturesque residences, one vying with the other in being "utter," "intense," and "intense"—as the native jargon goes; while churches, of pure Gothic, with cloisters and gables and flying buttresses, and chapels of the mediæval line the way, causing the wayfarer to stop and let the mind leap into those early days when eccle-



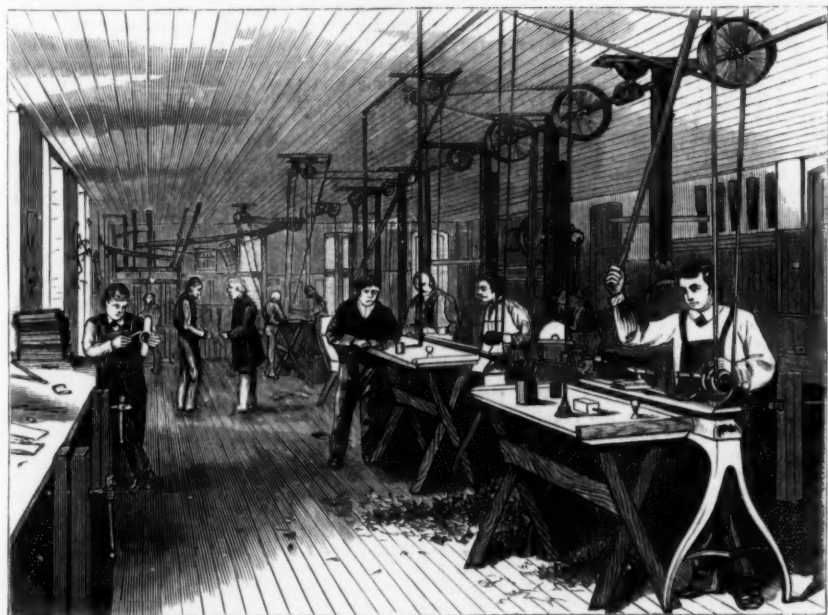
THE IRON ROOM.

the students of the Institute."

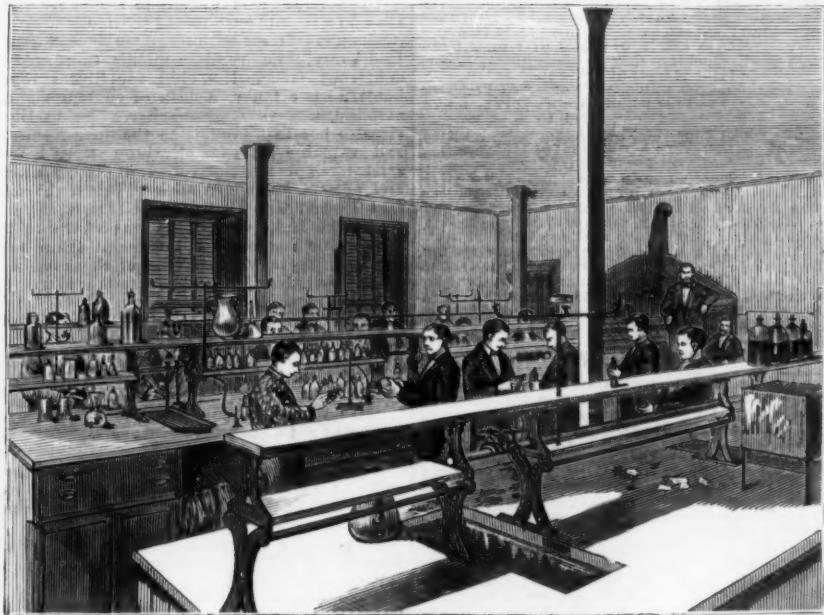
"How many classes have you graduated?"

"Ten, aggregating two hundred and two students. The ease with which more than ninety per cent. of these young men have secured honorable and lucrative employment in stations for which their training especially prepared them confirms the confidence of the trustees in the soundness of the general principles upon which the school is organized."

"This institution arose from a conviction on the part of its founders that there is need of a system of training boys for the duties of an active life, which is broader and brighter than the popular method of 'learning a trade,' and more simple and direct than the so-called 'liberal education.' It is the undoubted opinion of the managers of the Institute, and all who have watched its operation, that the connection of academic culture and the practical application of science is advantageous to both. In a school where these objects are started together and carried on with harmony and equal prominence. The academy inspires its intelligence into the work of the shop, and the shop, with eyes open to the improvements of productive industries, prevents the monastic dreams and shortness of vision



THE WOOD ROOM.



THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

PROGRESS OF TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.—THE FREE INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE AT WORCESTER, MASS.

that sometimes paralyze the profound learning of a college. What is desired is that all practice in engineering should spring from a clear comprehension of its principles. If the student's school training is conducted on this plan, his entrance upon the life of an engineer is an expansion of his course of study, rather than an abrupt transition to a new mode of life.

"In acquiring knowledge of any form of handicraft, or of the practical industries by which society is supported and carried on, it is essential that the student should practice under conditions as like as possible to those which he will meet in life. The more his work is subjected to the inexorable tests of trade, and the more he feels just the same responsibility that rests upon an actual workman, the better he is. He must make the things that are to be used, rather than those contrived to suit the peculiarities of his temperament, the exigencies of his situation, or the mere purpose of instruction."

"What is the practice of this school, professor?" "Practice, in this school, is subjected to three conditions: First, it shall be a necessary part of each week's work; secondly, it shall be judiciously distributed, and momentarily supervised; and thirdly, the students shall not expect or receive any immediate pecuniary return for it."

"At the middle of the first year, every student (except the mechanical section) chooses some department, under the advice of the instructors, and, until his graduation, devotes ten hours a week and the month which follows the second examination, to practice in that department—that is, for two and a half years. Students who select chemistry, work in the laboratory; the civil engineers, at field work or problems in construction; those who select drawing, in the drawing-room; and physics, in the physical laboratory. The mechanical section practices in the workshop from the beginning of the apprenticeship half-year, and their practice extends over the whole course of three and a half years."

"Firstly—The shop is managed as a manufacturing establishment in order that the students may always work in the wholesome atmosphere of real business. Excellence in construction is sought as a necessary force in instruction. As great a variety of work is secured by contracts as is compatible with thorough teaching, and the determination on the part of the Superintendent of the Washington Machine Shop to maintain the highest standard of workmanship has so far been successful. The out, and is, undoubtedly, the only way to fulfil the design of the shop. The Jurors at the Centennial Exposition decreed an award to the shop for its tools for working metals, which were exhibited in Machinery Hall, and first premiums have been awarded wherever these tools have been exhibited. Secondly—The work of each student is done under the personal supervision and direction of a skilled workman, and with the advantage of the best obtainable tools and machinery; for it is as true in handicraft as in the training of the intellect that no teaching and no tools are too good for the instruction of boys. Thirdly—Each student receives daily training in free-hand drawing during the apprenticeship term. Such discipline of the sense of form and proportion is secured in this way, and so much dexterity in developing various forms is acquired by the students, that when they undertake shop-work, they make more rapid and satisfactory progress than those who have not had the advantage of this training. Fourthly—The weekly practice is distributed so as to occupy five hours of each of two days. Every student is required to render a strict account of these hours. The time thus spent serves the double purpose of practice and of exercise; and fifthly, each student advances as fast as possible, unchecked by the difficulties of his neighbor, or the business necessities of his employer."

"The great idea," added Professor Thompson, "is that this institute offers a good education—based on the mathematics, living languages, physical sciences and drawing—and sufficient practical familiarity with some branch of applied science, to secure to its graduates a livelihood. It is specially designed to meet the wants of those who wish to be prepared as mechanics, civil engineers, chemists, or designers, for the duties of active life."

"What time does the training of students for mechanical engineers take?"

"Three and a half years, that of all others three years, of forty-two weeks each. There are, therefore, four classes, viz.: Apprentice, Junior, Middle and Senior."

"Have any of your graduates made way in the world yet?"

"Oh, dear, yes. I keep track of them all. Every young fellow who graduates here writes me yearly. See, here is my letter-book," placing a ponderous tome for my inspection. "They all do well. Several of them have salaries of \$4,000 a year. One is a partner in a Boston patent lawyer firm; another is superintendent of the Pennsylvania Lead Works; another, superintendent of the Atlas Engine Company, Indianapolis; another, superintendent of the Atlanta Giant Powder Company. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Roads have eight of our graduates in charge of different sections of the line. We have turned out four hundred graduates, and we have never lost four hundred cents by them. Their moral tone is superb. Here is a piece of cloth woven by one of our graduates on a loom invented by himself," and, with a pride that did him honor, the professor displayed the piece of cloth. "Now for a walk through the shops."

"We passed into the Department of Physics, where half a dozen young fellows were attending to the instruction of a learned pundit, and from there into the Chemical Laboratory, where one young gentleman was cautiously experimenting with explosives. Then we crossed the yard to the machine-shop. The shop is a three-story brick building, one hundred feet long by forty feet wide, with a wing sixty-five by forty feet, for engine, boilers and blacksmith-shop. These rooms are all equipped. Here was machinery performing its hard-handed mission, superintended by earnest students, smut-begrimed as to face and blue-black as to hands, who bent over their tasks with an attention that spoke a whole library of certificates in favor of their ultimate success."

"We commenced with wood," observed Professor Thompson, "and not with iron. We get enough of work in this department, aided by a backing of \$3,000, which runs it. There is necessarily a good deal of waste and spoil on account of inexperience, hence our uphill work to make it pay."

"We ascended to the wood-room, passing on the way a great glass-case containing models and decorations won for the Institute at various exhibitions, and arrived in a large, airy, well-ventilated apartment, bearing the refreshing aroma of sawdust."

"My faith in the Institute speaks for itself," laughed the Professor, as he introduced his son to me, a bright, handsome young lad, engaged in constructing a wooden seat, one of the first tasks to which the neophyte is put."

"The ladies board in different houses in the town, and here is a chance for a philanthropic donation towards the erection on the grounds of a suitable house wherein the youthful workers can eat, drink and sleep. Such an institution would make them more clannish; it would tend to good-fellowship; the rush off for breakfast and dinner, with its attendant trudge into the city, would be avoided. A library might be added, and, in a word, a great boon conferred on these aspiring and earnest youths."

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"FIRST HALF YEAR.—Seniors—Theoretical Mechanics, 5; French or German, 3; English, 2; Chemistry, 1; Physics, 4; Mechanical Drawing, 6; Practice, 10. Juniors—General Geometry, 5; Descriptive Geometry, 3; German, 2; English, 1; Chemistry, 4; Free Drawing, 2; Mechanical Drawing, 6; Practice, 10. Juniors—Algebra, 4; Geometry, 4; German, 3; English, 1; Chemistry, 2; Free Drawing, 6."

"SECOND HALF YEAR.—Seniors—Applied Mechanics, 5; French or German, 3; English, 2; Chemistry, 1; Physics, 4; Mechanical Drawing, 6; Practice, 10. Juniors—General Geometry, 5; Descriptive Geometry, 3; German, 2; English, 1; Chemistry, 4; Free Drawing, 2; Mechanical Drawing, 6; Practice, 10. Juniors—Algebra, 4; Geometry, 4; German, 3; English, 1; Chemistry, 2; Free Drawing, 6."

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Candidates for admission to the Junior Class should have attained the age of sixteen years, and must give evidence of proficiency in the common English branches, viz.: History of the United States, geography, grammar, and arithmetic, and in algebra as far as quadratic equations. In general, students at the end of the second year in the High School are prepared for the studies of the Institute, though a full High School course is desirable.

If every student before admission could learn as much French as is contained in Keble's "Elementary Grammar," the "language-time" of the Institute course after Junior year could be devoted to German and English—a result greatly desired.

The entrance examination is intended to satisfy the faculty that each candidate gives reasonable promise of success in the studies of the Institute. All candidates are held to be on probation till the end of the first half-year, and the student's standing at that time determines his future course.

Students can enter an advance class at any time, but only after satisfactory examination in the studies already pursued by that class.

There is no charge for tuition to residents of Worcester County. Others are charged one hundred and fifty dollars per year, payable semi-annually in advance.

All students are charged the cost of chemicals used in the laboratories, and for breakage in every department. The regular charge in the chemical laboratory is eight dollars a year. Students who practice in the laboratory are charged fifteen dollars each.

I parted from Professor Thompson, and wended my way to the fine old residence of the munificent President of the Institute, Hon. Stephen Salisbury, LL.D. This venerable gentleman, whose eye flashes like that of an eagle, went into considerable detail as to the admirable effects of the working of the Institute, and of the part taken by the late Mr. Washburne, whose gift of the machine-shop has proved of such infinite value. Mr. Salisbury expressed a lively hope that this class of institute would soon become an "epidemic" in the United States.

THE TYRANNY OF FATE;

OR,

A FIAT OF DRACO.

By MISS ANNIE DUFFELL.

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY GRACE, attired in a ravishing toilet, reclines in a great chair before the grate in her own private little parlor, an apartment jealously consecrated to the entertainment of Beaumont. It is a beautiful *bijou* retreat, a perfect marvel of old-oid satin and Axminster, with a dash of malachite and ebony, and not a trifling display of ugly, grinning little faces squinting out from unexpected niches, holding memories of Rome, and whose utter frightfulness bespeak them thoroughbreds.

Even the consciousness that she is looking well—usually of so soothing and potent a character with the feminine breast—fails to chase away the portentous frown that contracts the handsome brows of the peeress, as, the morning after the opera, she awaits the arrival of Sir Cuthbert, who, to make matters worse, is late. Just as her impatience reaches the culminating point, the door is thrown open and the delinquent appears. He enters with his stately, calm and highbred indifference, and at a motion from her ladyship sinks in a chair beside her.

"You are late," she observes, in a tone that is anything but gracious.

Sir Cuthbert carelessly consults his watch.

"A few minutes, but it was unavoidable."

"Perhaps the lovely Hungarian delayed you?" suggests Lady Grace.

Beaumont is silent. He does not look like a man to be arraigned by a woman, and there is a gleam in his eyes that should warn his companion that he is even less tolerant than usual.

"Ah, then she *did*!" sneers the lady, fixing her angry eyes upon him.

Sir Cuthbert calmly rises.

"I disregarded an important engagement," he says, haughtily, "to comply with your ladyship's kind invitation of last night. But if you have nothing of more importance than this to discuss, it were a pity I should have slighted De Thorne."

Lady Grace's eyelids quiver slightly.

"You know why I want to see you," she says, in a tone of suppressed passion.

"You credit me with more perception than I deserve," he replies, in his thoroughly courteous voice. His chill courtesy, that holds, to her fancy, a dash of contempt and sarcasm, always maddens her. She hastily rises to her feet, flinging to the floor a small and valuable pet spaniel, whose silver bells send forth a perfect volley of indignation and protest, and confronts him, her highbred face flushed with that dangerous passion for which the Duke of Carlisle was well noted.

And as he regards her, Beaumont again becomes unpleasantly conscious of those chains forged by habit that bind him to this haughty and ungovernable woman.

"I sent for you," she says, lowly, while her jeweled hands clench as they hang by her side, "because I desire an explanation of the insult I received last night."

"Insult, madam?"

"Exactly!" with quivering nostrils.

"I was not aware that any one but myself was insulted last night."

Though thus alluding to it, his tones are too cold and indifferent to permit her the consolation of feeling that her slight had the power to wound him.

"I consider myself insulted," she retorts, "when you left my box to go to that of Lord Jerome's."

"Then you must be unnecessarily fastidious, Lady Lennox."

There is as much disdain in the icy voice as Sir Cuthbert's perfect breeding will permit.

"I am not!" she replies, passionately. "Your conduct was an insult, a public insult, and I have a right to resent it! You spent the greater part

of your time with that Hungarian, thus showing to the whole world that you preferred her society to mine! From you I have a right to expect an undivided allegiance!" she continues, with increased violence. "I will have it or none! You shall not slight me for that woman, with her languid airs of royalty! Has it been any pleasure for you to have the *entrée* to my house at all hours?—for you to feel when oppressed with State cares that there was always one place of rest awaiting you?—for you to know that whatever be the result of your labor in the sphere of public duty, failure or success, there was always one heart whose sympathy in either case was yours—all yours? Even to you, Cuthbert Beaumont, it must have been a little comfort—to any other man it would have been heaven!—and if it has been a joy to you, remember I have paid for it with my reputation! Had I been any other than the Duke of Carlisle's daughter, I should have been barred out of society. Do not think I am repining"—the thin lips curl haughtily—"I am merely showing you the facts of the case. I will not be slighted for the first stranger that comes along, with no better credentials than lie in the fact of her relationship with a dissipated—yes, and disreputable peer!"

Sir Cuthbert is silent; his pride and his honor alike forbid him to speak. He cannot say to this imperious woman one word of truth without reminding her that it was *she* who first courted him—who, with every insidious flattery and seduction, showed him that the favor of the most distinguished woman of the day was his. Whatever of bondage, of ill-repute, this acquaintance of theirs may hold, it is all due to her. Yet though she reproach him ten thousand times, he cannot, in so many words, say this to her.

Suddenly her ladyship's manner changes; the fire and passion die out of her face. She goes to him, clasping her hands upon his arm, and looks up at him with an unwonted tenderness in her eyes and suffusing her countenance, filled with its warm vigor and rich life.

"Cuthbert," she says, softly, "you will not let this woman come between us?"

He takes her hands—it is the least he can do under the circumstances.

"I should think," he replies, with valiant caution, "that you would know by this time that I value your friendship too highly to permit any woman to interfere with it."

She wrenches her hands from his mechanical grasp and her countenance darkens.

"How very proper and formal you are, my lord," she says, with a laugh not altogether pleasant; but it dies away. With all her strength and pride, she is not equal to this moment, with its fear and pain. "Cuthbert, we must not have hard words," she pleads.

"I have a beastly temper, I acknowledge, but if one has a very dear friend, one naturally does not wish to yield him up to another who has no claim upon him. If you will always be true to me there will be no trouble between us."

Sir Cuthbert stirs restlessly; there is in his movement, slight as it is, something of the fiery impatience of a steed chafing at the bit. Yet he is bound hand and foot, and cannot, for the sake of his honor and his courtesy, say a word. But he is bitterly conscious that, instead of loosening the chains, with which resolution he came there this morning, they are if possible being riveted more tightly.

"And this woman," continues his companion, with a gesture of repressed repugnance—"you will not be so openly devoted to her another time?"

"Devoted to her!" interrupts Beaumont, amazed.

"Well, you will not be so *attentive* to her, if that suits you better. It is no more than I have sacrificed for you. I have refused a coronet more than once since our friendship began."

"But not at my instigation," replies Sir Cuthbert, still in that cold and courteous voice. It is the first time that he has ever practiced such forbearance. "You class our acquaintance by a wrong name if I had interfered with anything of that order. True friendship is never selfish. And if you remember, Lady Grace, at those times you have mentioned I have always, as far as my position would allow, urged you to accept these offers which were an honor even to you. The fact that these gentlemen had availed themselves of a right that I did not possess was no cause for enmity upon my part, however deeply I value you."

Lady Grace pales slightly; slight as it now is, it is the first allusion he has ever made to marriage.

"And what right was that?" she queries, with studied indifference.

"The right of offering you their name. However unworthy my titles may now be worn, I can never offer them to another, however deeply I may desire." They are looking squarely into each other's eyes, and for a moment both are silent.

"Yet, if there was true love," replies Lady Grace, lowly, "one would be willing to sacrifice much. If I loved a man, whatever be the difficulties, I would overcome them if he desired it, and cleave to him through good or bad repute."

She is very still. She knows that her fate is in the balance—that the result of all her hopes and fears and agony of the past will soon be made known to her. Not a sound breaks the stillness save the ticking of the toy clock upon its bracket.

"Then you would be very foolish," replies Beaumont, easily. There is nothing in his idle, half-amused manner to rouse the suspicion that he is disposing of both their fates. "And it would be the man's duty to save you from such madness. Though you seem to think I value our friendship lightly, I assure you, my dear madam, I would never stand by and see you throw yourself thus away."

The blow is almost mortal; yet, with that blind instinct of her proud race, she will not show the first token of her misery. She knows

that she has been refused—that she flung herself at the feet of this man, proud in his coldness and self-sufficiency, but to be repulsed; and, with that wild, futile love that she has borne him so many years mingles a savage thirst for retaliation. Such an affection as hers—the only outpouring of a selfish and unyielding nature—is of a character to be changed into the most venomous hate. Love him she does and must as long as life is in her. To such natures as her race embraces it is only the unobtainable that is of value. Yet into that love has entered a spirit of strife, a half-savage desire for the downfall of his haughty immobility, his scornful strength against the weaker emotions of his kind, his disdainful indifference to humanity.

"Wait till the time comes," she thinks, as she stands before him in the first bitterness of her disappointment; "wait until he loves, as he will love some day—grandly, fiercely, imperiously—then I will strike him as he struck me. Then I will show him that he is but human! I will find a way—God help me!—I will!" Aloud she says, with a laugh: "I do not think I will ever tax your care and vigilance, Cuthbert. I fancy we are neither of us beings to gauge our lives by that very quixotic notion, 'All for love, and the world well lost.' But I have something of more importance. Strange as it may sound, Cuthbert, you and I are watched."

"Watched?"

"Yes."

"Impossible. What is there in our doings of consequence to any one? I am sure there is nothing at all mysterious, nor have we anything to conceal."

"Nevertheless we are watched," persists her ladyship, looking vexed. "Often when you and I have parted on an evening I have seen a figure—always the same—flitting close by; and last night a circumstance happened that cannot be doubted. Being somewhat restless, I did not retire until some time after my return from the opera. I had occasion to go to my private secretary to examine some papers. While there a slight noise outside attracted my attention. But, first, I must explain that at the east side of the house is an arbor, thickly covered with vines—but you must have seen it—which reaches in height to the window in my bedroom. It was among these vines that I heard the noise, and, looking up quickly, I saw a man clinging to them, and looking straight in at my window."

"What could the villain have been after?" mutters Sir Cuthbert, after a moment's thought.

"That is the question," she replies. "But he was there, and it was one of your own men." "My men?" amazed.

"Yes; that wretch we met in the park that night. Cante—Canted—something of the sort you called him."

"Canton!" ejaculates Beaumont. "You must be mistaken! Canton, in all probability, never was in London in his life. He must be down at the estates—he never leaves them."

"No such thing!" contradicts her ladyship. "Be at The Towers he may, part of the time, but I tell you he has maintained a systematic course of espionage since our return, and I tell you also I saw his face last night as plainly as I see yours this minute."

"But what could be his motive?" mutters Beaumont, thoughtfully. Then in his eyes comes that merciless wrath. "The scoundrel! if I can prove to a certainty it was he—"

He pauses, and Lady Grace feels with satisfaction that she can leave the punishment of the troublesome Canton to his employer.

"I will run down to The Towers," he observes, after a pause.

CHAPTER XIV.

BEAUMONT has just returned from a political meeting, and stands in a thoughtful attitude in his private apartment. He looks strangely moody in the glow of the embers, and anon he tosses the heavy hair from his brow with a weary, angry movement. Outside, the gray, wet dusk is falling, and its dreariest fog envelops London. He stands thus some time, when the door of his apartment is thrown suddenly open and Percy Dunworth enters.

"Hallo, Dunworth!" says Beaumont, instantly rising from his abstraction. "I'll ring for lights. Barker gets lazier every day. Sometimes I have to exert all my eloquence to induce him to give me the smallest ray of light. It is really too abominable."

When the lamps have come and they are once more alone, Beaumont turns to his visitor with a trivial remark, and suddenly becomes aware of the strangeness of his appearance. He stands like a block of marble, over his youthful face a rigid fixedness and an appalling pallor which reaches even to the lips.

"Good God!" he cries. "Dunworth, what is the matter?"

Percy essays to speak, but his ghastly lips are voiceless. Beaumont goes to him and takes his hand. There is in his manner a gentleness and tenderness that one knowing his haughty and immovable nature would never have thought he possessed.

"Percy," he says, gently, "old boy, what is it?"

"Nothing—nothing," replies Percy, lowly.

"But you are talking madness," urges Sir Cuthbert, eying him narrowly. "You are in trouble of some kind. Why don't you tell me, and let me help you out. What kind of a mess is it, old fellow? Debt?"

Percy shakes his head.

"Would that it were!" he says, bitterly.

Beaumont's countenance grows still more serious; it must be something very bad, indeed, if Percy freely acknowledges that insolvency would be preferable.

"I may as well make a clean breast of it," continues Percy, trying to pull himself together. "The fact is, I have been mad enough

to fall in love with the Countess Melbourne—"

"But, my dear fellow," interrupts Beaumont, involuntarily, "I knew that long ago."

"And to night my madness culminated in a proposal of marriage." Dunworth wrenches this out desperately, fully expecting an explosion of amusement, but is happily disappointed. "Lord!" he continues, springing up and commencing to pace the floor, "I have fancied other women; in fact, there is scarcely one in the set that I have not been willing at some period of my career to die for, though it never lasted a day. But this—this is love—love!" He pauses in his rapid walk and leans his wretched face upon the marble mantel. Beaumont regards him in silence, an inexplicable expression upon his countenance; then from his thin lips breaks a muttered curse.

"There is no use telling you how bad I feel about it," he continues, approaching Percy, and laying his hand upon his arm. "But I wouldn't take it too much to heart."

"Oh, I shall pull through, no doubt," says Percy, with a laugh that is rather hollow, and raising his head. "I suppose I am a fool, but I was so hard hit that I felt like going to somebody, and I had no one but you," apologetically.

"My dear boy, I never want you to go to anybody else but to me when you are in trouble," replies Beaumont, and there is a warm impulse of genuine kindness in his tones that shows what a great and generous nature has been marred by a woman's faithlessness. "But as to this, you will get over it in time."

"I don't know; I am awfully cut up," Percy draws forth his handkerchief and wipes the heavy perspiration from his brow. "And it's all my own fault; she isn't to blame in the least. She behaved like an angel. Oh, she did," he continues, indignantly, as he notices the chill cynicism that flashes across the statue-like countenance of his listener. "She never led me on. To be sure, she always treated me kindly, in fact, seemed to favor me; I have gone round with her more than any other fellow, I guess. Yet I always saw through it; if I had been her brother she couldn't have treated me differently. When I told her about it just now she felt awfully bad—completely knocked up! She is so sweet and grand and true! Some people call her heartless and a coquette. She is neither. If you could have seen her when I made such an ass of myself. No woman faithless could have looked as she did."

"Would to God she had never come among us!" mutters Beaumont. Percy is too deeply engrossed with his own woes to notice the tone of suppressed passion in which his companion speaks.

"Oh, no," he says, feverishly—"not that! Life can never be the same since I have known her; and, though I have suffered, I have been happy. The pain of love is better than not to have loved at all. Yet, I wish she had cursed me—had flouted me for a fool. She didn't say a word but what drew me nearer to her."

"Dunworth," says Beaumont, resolutely, "you must cure yourself of this infatuation; you must go away. It is all that is left you!"

"I can't," replies Percy, hoarsely; "it is too rough. I could not leave her, unless it was for her own benefit—to aid her, to do her some good!"

How those simple, hasty words—how that weary, pained voice—return to Beaumont in the future, when his own passion has grown little and insignificant beside the grand faith and sacrifice of that other love. Beaumont is silent. There is in his own soul an emotion—undefinable—for which he hates and curses himself every hour of his life. There is in him a disdainful strength against women which has been his chief danger. Now he is aroused to his peril, and finds that a hot, insidious passion has crept into his blood and is permeating his very being. Where are the ice, the strength, of his nature that they have left a woman's face come in between him and that entire deadness of soul that he had aimed at?

"Don't let me keep you," Percy's dreary voice—drearier for its brave effort to be strong—breaks in upon his bitter meditations. "I suppose you are going to the French Ambassador's to-night? Start when you are ready. Let me stay here for a while. I feel completely knocked under. I'll be along after a while."

When Beaumont enters the crowded parlors of the French nobles his glance eagerly sweeps the apartment. At the far end of the suite he sees the countess and Lady Grace standing side by side, and, as usual, surrounded by a court of admirers. Between the two peeresses there is no congeniality, and, upon Lady Lennox's part, a rank and bitter hatred. Yet they affect each other's society, and the world throws them constantly together. He greets them both with stately courtesy; Lady Grace soon sweeps off upon the arm of her noble host to join the dancers, and he turns to Natalie, offering his arm.

"May I have the pleasure?" he says, and they, too, are soon upon the floor. It is seldom that he sues for the honor of a dance with her, for the simple fact that he fears her. With her figure in his arms, with her lustrous, changing eyes looking in his, he feels the madness of delirium. At the end of the waltz he conducts her into a small conservatory opening off the ballroom. It is a dangerous spot. The lamps burn dimly. Tall ferns and palms wave above; flowers lend their perfume to the cool air, and the silvery splash of a fountain comes through the foliage. He looks at her long as she sits in her languid beauty, and becomes conscious that she seems restless.

"Are you looking for any one?" he queries, as her glance once more strays out to the crowded rooms.

"I merely wanted to ascertain if Mr. Dunworth is here," she says, with forced carelessness. "He seemed out of sorts when he called upon me this evening."

"Decidedly out of sorts," replies Beaumont, dryly.

The countess looks at him quickly, but is silent.

"Since Dunworth made me his confidant," he continues, "I need not hesitate to speak upon this matter, delicate as it is, unless, indeed, you forbid it."

"I cannot object to hearing anything you may have to say," she replies, haughtily.

"Then I would say a word in behalf of Percy, who seems completely done up. He is an old friend of mine, and if it were possible for you to reconsider your decision—if you could with any consistency be a trifle kind to him—you understand?"

He pauses abruptly. It is the one occasion of his life in which he has experienced embarrassment. But there is a look in the calm, cold, proud eyes of the woman that confuses him. Besides, he is conscious that he is acting a lie; he knows well that if he thought there was in the heart of this woman any fondness for poor Percy, he would feel like crushing out of her this fair, dazzling, mocking life that he has unconsciously grown to crave for his own.

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you, Sir Cuthbert," she says, with the proud serenity of a cultured and a worldly woman. "You allude to Mr. Dunworth's unfortunate attachment, which, however, deeply honors me."

He bows. "And you would like me to reconsider the proposition?" This time he is both silent and motionless. "I have thought myself that perhaps I have been a trifle hasty. Mr. Dunworth is a man I greatly esteem, and a man, too, who I believe would be faithful to his love. That in itself is so rare a quality that it demands proper consideration, Sir Cuthbert. I bid you tell Mr. Dunworth that he need not entirely despair."

She speaks with every appearance of sincerity. There is that heavy, dull, mad ache in her breast that gives her pleasure in stabbing this man, too proud and self-secure to acknowledge the love that she sees in consuming him. At her words his eyes darken, though for a moment he is silent. Then he alludes to another part of her reply:

"You think fidelity a rare virtue?"

"In man, yes," she answers, lightly. "Then it is in woman that we must look for the embodiment of constancy?" His thin nostrils quiver with a passion that the idleness of the conversation scarcely warrants.

"Oh, it is a woman's privilege to be faithful in nothing," she says, with a light laugh.

"My God!" he mutters, with a sudden burst of passion, "you speak a bitter truth!"

"Merci, mon ami!" Her radiant, challenging eyes seek his face in a sudden flash of amusement that stings him to madness. They are as much alone as though in a separate world; the fountain splashes bravely on, the odorless languor of exotics is heavy upon the air, and from the ballroom comes the murmur of Strauss's divinest waltz. He has arrived at that point where this tantalizing, imperious, bewitching woman is more powerful than that haughty self-containment of years. Suddenly he bends over her and seizes her hand, unconsciously crushing it in his grasp; his eyes look almost savagely into the azure languor of her own.

For a moment he remains thus; then with a short, unpleasant laugh, he drops her hand as if it had stung him. Again a silence comes between them. The woman's triumph and bitterness vanish, she knows that she has won into her keeping the love that never yet was given to woman—is reviving that broken, ruined faith that has so long lain fierce and rancorous in its wounds. And to what purpose? She shudders where she sits, in the sheen of her silks and laces and in the gleam of her jewels. She cannot face the burning eyes of this man whose ruin she is encompassing—this man whose pride and strength are to be shattered by her perfidy. She is a lie; he never can conceive the hideous deception her life has been and is; he must only know it. And then, when he sees her branded with her infamy, when he stands stricken with the wrath of the dark and hideous wrong she has done him, when in the sheer blindness of his agony he curses her for the traitress she is—even then he cannot loath her as she loath herself.

"You bid me tell Dunworth to hope," he continues, with that same quick pant in his throat. "Did you mean it?"

She is too heavily smitten with a recollection of her guilt and wretchedness to reply.

"Answer me," he urges, almost roughly; "that proud courtesy, that invincible statelyness are vanished. 'Were you sincere?'"

"No!" There is in her manner a mixture of remorse and humility—so foreign to her character—that makes her loveliness but the more dangerous to his composure.

"Great heavens! I left him stricken with his anguish, and you can make a jest of him! Sincere? No! I was mad to ask it of you!" he cries, passionately.

She springs to her feet, stung by his injustice. The soft riches of her garments sweep around her tall form, reared haughtily amid the bloom and tawny half-light of the apartment; her eyes flash mutinously, looking straight into the heat and passion of his own with a proud defiance, and her voice vibrates with a portion of the pain and bitterness of her miserable life.

"You are wrong!" she says, in a tone of intense excitement. "What right have you to say that I make a jest of an honest man's love? Who are you that you dare sit in judgment upon your fellows? The motives, the impulses, the struggles, the great misery and hopelessness of life—only God can know them; you cannot; and He holds us in a judgment that is not man's. You accuse me of jesting upon your friend's unhappiness—in your soul you condemn me as heartless; you are wrong."

You have no right to assert such a thing. He was my friend—I liked him. I do yet. I would have saved him if I could. I never tried to win his love—never! If it would do him any good, I could cry from morning till night. I never felt so badly about anything of the sort—he is so good and honest and kind, well worthy of any woman's love, and heaven knows that if I have injured him it was furtherest from my intentions."

He looks down in her face with its flushed beauty, her eyes dim with the mist of great pain, her lips tremulous, her breast heaving under its gossamer web of rare old lace.

"Heaven!" he mutters between his set teeth, "can this be acting?"

For a moment they both have lost all semblance of self-control. The woman is the first to regain it. His words, unjust—for she mourns poor Percy's infatuation deeply—have touched her to the quick. There are so many things that can be said in truth of her—so many accusations that she would tremble to hear—that it pains and angers her to be doubted in this one case where her assertion is marked with sincerity.

"This is surely a very unprofitable conversation," she observes, with a laugh that has a ring of mockery, "and a trifle remarkable. Will you be kind enough to take me back to the rest of the people?"

He does not go near her again that night.

(To be continued.)

A CURIOUS AND FATAL EXPLOSION AT GREENPOINT, L. I.

WE give on page 188 an illustration of a curious accident which occurred at a fire at Greenpoint, L. I., on April 26th. The fire broke out in a box factory, and spread with great rapidity, owing to the inflammable character of the contents. Within five minutes fire was bursting through every window in the second story. There were a great many workmen employed in the factory, and many becoming panic-stricken, jumped from the windows or crowded each other in the doorways in their eagerness to escape. The result was that several were injured, and two successive alarms were followed by calls for ambulances. Other buildings were fired, but were partly saved. About 100 feet across the street from the factory was a high air-tight frame building, used as the sawdust house. It was connected with the main building by a chute which ran underneath the street. Through this chute the sawdust was blown by pneumatic pressure. Just as the main fire was brought into subjection, a workman, who was near the sawdust building, saw smoke coming from it. He entered the door, and, although nothing could be seen, heard the crackling of flames in the end near the chute. He closed the door again and stood by it to warn others from entering. A crowd stood near him, and many persons were seated on a pile of lumber about twenty feet distant. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion of gas inside of the air-tight sawdust building. The large door was blown from its hinges, and a broad sheet of flame poured out and enveloped all those within thirty feet of the building. Eye-witnesses say that the crowd was blown over the meadow like dried leaves. Men's hair was burned from their heads, and their clothing was set on fire. Streams from the engines were turned upon the people, and some were rolled in the puddles of water on the meadow. Several were terribly burned about the face and hands. In all, three lives were lost and fifteen persons sustained injuries by the afternoon's conflagrations.

THE DOGS' DAY.

THE annual bench show of dogs, held this year in the American Institute, was opened on April 26th. The dogs were exhibited in boxes furnished with straw, and, in the case of particularly valuable animals or special pets, with carpet and various fineries. At regular intervals the dogs were released from their kennels and given an opportunity for exercise on the floor. Over 1,000 dogs in all were on exhibition.

The judges were: For mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundland, Siberian or Uim dogs and deerhounds, Paul Danks for grayhounds, black-and-tan setters and foxhounds, Hon. John S. Wise, of Richmond, Va.; for pointers, S. T. Hammond, of Springfield, Mass.; for English and Irish setters and beagles, Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky.; and for spaniels, terriers, Yorkshire toys and Italian grayhounds, Dr. J. T. Nivin, of London, Ontario.

The scenes in the ring while the dogs were being judged were interesting. Men of position and wealth held their dogs for nearly an hour, all the time in nervous anticipation of the awards. They were far more patient than their pets. When the bulls and bull-terriers were surrounded by a ring of spectators the brutes, with faces so ugly that they were pronounced beautiful specimens of their kind, rolled the wrinkled skins of their broad heads into deeper folds, showing their teeth. A sudden snarl and spring would compel their handlers to exert all their strength in keeping them apart.

In the points of quality of the exhibits and attendance of the public, the show was far ahead of its predecessors.

Indian Strategy.

THE Carson (Nevada) Appeal tells this story: "The Indians of the Walker Lake Reservation feel very happy since their victory over Mr. Yerington and the Carson and Colorado Railroad. It appears that when the railroad company treated for the right of way through the reservation, the Indians agreed to receive, in full pay, \$700 and the right to ship free over the road for every fish or other produce which they might wish to bring to market between Hawthorne and the Mound House. Walker Lake is swarming with fine trout, but the Indians did not find the trade very profitable when the item of transportation began to be figured on. The catch was therefore limited by the slim facilities for finding a market before the fish spoiled. When the new road reaches Walker Lake the Indians will be the bosses of the fish trade, and Dayton will be the fish mart of the State. The Indians say that if Mr. Yerington had known how many fish they could catch in a day he would never have entered into such a compact. The Indians laid their wires for this thing long ago, and when Mr. Yerington visited Walker Lake they put up a job on him. They invited him to spend a day fishing, which he did, and they gave him a bait which fish absolutely avoid. Several of the bucks also fished with him, some using no bait at all. The result of the day's toil was a small white fish and a couple of half-pound trout. The savages pretended that the day's sport had been very fine, and got up a big dance in honor of the big catch, remarking that the fish had never been so good for years. In an unguarded moment he signed his fish contract, and now they say they will be able to keep the Carson and Colorado cars loaded down with nothing but fish all Summer long, but not wishing to be hard on the road, they will allow it to carry pay freight and passengers during the winter months."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

M. ERNEST RENAN has been elected Director of the French Academy.

MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH, the American tragedian, has had a favorable reception at Drury Lane Theatre, London.

Mrs. LINCOLN, the widow of the President is now in Illinois, but will soon return to her former home in Pau, France.

It is announced that the prize for the best poem on Calderon, offered by the Spanish Government, has been adjudged to Dr. Edmond Dorer, of Zurich.

THE brothers Vassar are about to establish in Poughkeepsie an institution which is to resemble the Cooper Institute, New York City, and which will be called the "Vassar Institute."

PROFESSOR JOHN H. HEWITT has resigned his chair in Lake Forest University, Illinois, and accepted the Lawrence Professorship of Greek Language and Literature in Dartmouth College.

PRESIDENT and Mrs. GARFIELD and Secretary Blaine expect to be present at the unveiling of the Morgan statue at Spartanburg, S. C., on May 11th. Ex-President and Mrs. Hayes will probably be there likewise.

THE President has designated the following as members of the Board of Visitors at West Point: Anson Stager, of Illinois; Milo S. Hascall, of Indiana; Charles A. Boutelle, of Maine; George S. Green, of Rhode Island; Henry B. Ledyard, of Michigan; S. S. Lows, of Missouri, and D. C. Buell, of Kentucky.

THE Sultan has many refined tastes. He is fond of his garden, his birds, his horses and his dogs. He is studious, takes much pleasure in literature, reads his newspapers like any other man, and keeps himself so well-informed on general European politics that his wit has weight in his Ministerial Council.

MR. BENJAMIN FITCH, of Buffalo, has just given to the Charity Organization Society of that city property amounting to \$200,000. It is to be used, by Mr. Fitch's desire, in founding and maintaining an institution for the physical, moral and intellectual benefit of the poor of Buffalo without distinction of creed or sex.

OVER George Cruikshank's remains in St. Paul's Cathedral a bust and tablet have just been placed. On the tablet is written, "In memory of his genius and his art, his matchless industry and worthy work for all his fellow-men, this monument is humbly placed within this sacred fane by her who loved him best, his widow, wife."

MRS. ARMA HARKNESS, of Boston, a girl of seventeen years, who took the second prize of the Paris Conservatory for violin playing in 1880, will compete again this year for the first prize, and her chances for success in the contest are admitted by many who have heard her recent efforts. The Paris critics, with one voice, pronounce her a remarkable player.

THE well-known Kurdish Sheikh Behaeddin died recently at Chirazour, on the Persian frontier. Next to Sheikh Abdollah, he was the most notable man of the sect, and was the head of the party which professes loyalty to the monarch of Persia. His tomb was visited by a large number of Kurds and Persians and Turkish notables, and the Shah of Persia expressed his regret at the death of the sheik.

THE successor of King John of Abyssinia is his son Michael, who is betrothed to the only daughter and heiress of Melek, the Catholic King of Shoa. It is expected that King Michael and his Court will embrace the Roman Catholic faith, which will be a grievous disappointment to the Greeks, as they had sent the late king the Grand Cross of the Order of the Redeemer in the hope of winning him over to the Orthodox faith.

THE letter from the Czar sent to Nice, congratulating Prince Gortschakoff on his jubilee is officially published. It recapitulates the services of the Prince, particularly in restoring the influence of Russia among the Powers. It recites that the twenty years of peace maintained by Prince Gortschakoff were devoted to internal reforms and the development of Russia's Asiatic relations. The Emperor presents Prince Gortschakoff with a portrait of the late Emperor and one of himself set in diamonds, as a token of his gratitude and respect for the glorious services of the Prince.

THE Duke of Sutherland, who is a director of the London and Northwestern Railway Company, and several other officers of the company, and Dr. W. H. Russell, formerly correspondent of the London Times, arrived at this port last week, and will travel through the country especially to observe the railroads. The Duke of Sutherland is one of the richest men in the world. He owns 1,100,000 acres of land in Scotland, besides larger possessions in England. Considerable of his property in Scotland, however, is mountainous and uncultivated, but he draws a princely income from the salmon fisheries in the rivers which run through this district.

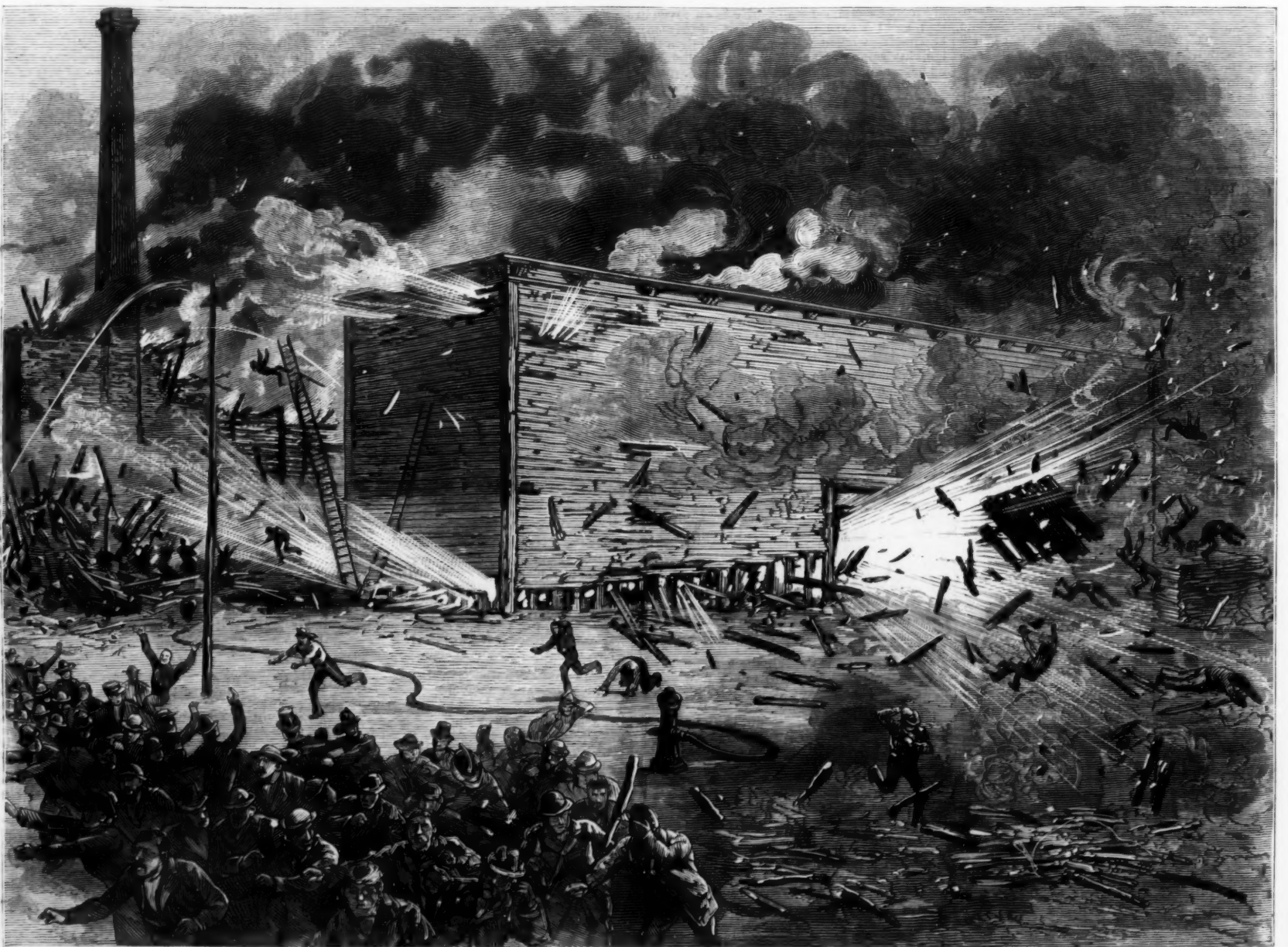
DISPATCHES from St. Petersburg say that there are grave rumors relating to the health of the Empress. Ever since the assassination she has been seriously ill, suffering from severe hysterical attacks, which cause the greatest apprehension. She received letters from the revolutionary committee threatening her with death of the most horrible description should Sophie Perovsky and Hessa Helfmann, the two women implicated in the assassination, be executed. She made the most strenuous exertions to obtain their pardon and received a promise to that effect. She did not discover the deceptive character of this promise until after the execution of Perovsky, and the discovery threw her into a violent paroxysm.

LORD BRACONSFIELD's will leaves Hughenden Manor and all his other property to his nephew, Coningsby Ralph Disraeli. The estate is strictly entailed in the male line, with reversion to the female heirs provided all the successors of the latter take the name of Disraeli, not in conjunction with, but instead of, their own surname. All his letters, papers, manuscripts, etc., are left in the custody of Lord Rowton, with full discretion regarding their publication, except private correspondence, the use of which is to be governed by the wishes of the parties interested. There is a special direction that no part of his correspondence with the Queen should be published without her consent or that of her successors.

OBITUARY.—April 24th.—James T. Fields, the publisher, author and lecturer, of Boston, of heart disease, aged 64. April 25th.—Hon. Thomas B. Jackson, formerly Judge of the Queen's County (N. Y.) Court, member of Assembly and member of Congress, aged 85. April 26th.—William G. Connor, ex-Sheriff of New York City, and well-known type founder, aged 60; Rev. Dr. Alexander H. Vinton, rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Boston, suddenly, at Philadelphia, aged 74; General Baron Ludwig von der Tann, commander of the First Bavarian Army Corps in the Franco-Prussian war, aged 75; Pierre Alfred Ravel, the French actor, at Paris, at the supposed age of 70; Hon. M. P. O'Connor, member of Congress from the Charleston (S. C.) District, aged 50; John G. Darby, the engraver-artist of New York City, aged 73; John G. Palfrey, the historian and statesman of Boston, aged 85; Gotthold Cariberg, vocal teacher and orchestral leader, of New York City, suddenly, aged 43. April 27th.—Emile de Girardin, the famous journalist of Paris, and founder of cheap newspapers, at Paris, aged 75; General Louis von Benedek, Austrian commander in the war of 1866, at Graz, aged 77; William Lawton, the well-known blackberry cultivator, formerly a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce and the American Institute, at New Rochelle, aged 85.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF DOGS AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE—WEIGHING THE ENTRIES BEFORE THE JUDGES.—SEE PAGE 187.



NEW YORK.—THE EXPLOSION AT THE SAWDUST BUILDING AFTER THE BURNING OF THE BOX FACTORY, GREENPOINT, APRIL 26TH.—SEE PAGE 187.



THE STAR ROUTE CONTRACT EXPOSURE.—GENERAL THOS. J. BRADY, EX-SECOND ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—SEE PAGE 190.

THE BEY OF TUNIS.

THE present Bey of Tunis, Mohammed-es-Sadok, is a son of the Bey Sini-Ahsein. He succeeded his eldest brother in September, 1859. The French claim that up to within a few years he had shown the most friendly regard for France and the French, but since the elevation to power of General Mustapha, his disposition and character have undergone a radical change. The Government of Tunis, though nominally dependent on Turkey and called a Regency, is in reality a perfectly independent despotism. The sovereign pays no tribute, but is nominally restrained from making war or ceding territory without the consent of the Sultan. French influence has long been predominate in the country, and for over a year the French Consul-General, M. Roustan, has been urging the Bey to consent to a French protectorate. This he has energetically refused. He protested against the threatened invasion of his territory, to which the Government replied reaffirming its intention of crossing the frontier to chastise the Kroumirs, and reiterating the hope that it might count upon the support of the Bey's troops.

The Consul-General has repeated to the sovereign the statement that France did not intend either to dethrone him or occupy his country. The difficulty between the two countries is, to a certain extent, the same in kind as that which formed the excuse for the conquest of Algeria. The Kroumirs, a tribe of the Tunisians, seized upon the property and ejected the representatives of a French loan company who had established a colony among them.

The French Government demanded that the Bey should punish the offending tribe, and sent a large force nominally to aid him, but in reality, it is claimed, to compel him to go to war with a portion of his own people. The alarm of the Bey and the people results from the presence of this invading force, and the knowledge that it was exactly a similar affair that led to the occupation of Algeria. They have more reason for apprehension, since it is now announced that there was a secret clause to the treaty of Berlin, by which the English Government agreed to the French occupation of Tunis as a concession for Cyprus.

Another point involved in the dispute between France and Italy as to the ownership of Tunis is the coral-fishing industry. The Italians are able to monopolize this branch of commerce by reason of an Imperial Convention of 1862, which reduced the annual tax on Italian coral-fishers from 800 to 400 francs, the larger sum being exacted for French fishers who obtained the right by treaty of the same date. The first coral-fishers of modern times on the Tunisian coast were two natives of Marseilles, who, in 1604, formed a company for the working of these riches of the seas. Early in the present century the coral industry was very important at Marseilles; in 1807 seventeen cutting and polishing manufactories existed there, each employing many hundred hands. Since then coral has somewhat lost its favor in France, but the fashion has been taken up in Russia, the Levant, and elsewhere, the Italians supplying the market. It is this monopoly that the Marseillais and Algerians wish to see destroyed.

THE STONE FACE OF STATEN ISLAND.

A FEW weeks ago, while two brothers named Hall were at work at Silver Lake, Staten Island, digging up a small tree for transplanting, they uncovered a stone of slaty rock, irregular in form, some two feet long by twenty inches wide, and about eight inches thick. The upper half had a human face, life-size, cut so sharp and natural as to be almost startling at first. The face was oval, of the old Huguenot type, with low cheek bones, fat, full cheeks, a sharp, clear-cut chin, full eyes and parted lips. Of course all sorts of stories are rife of



STONE FACE RECENTLY FOUND ON STATEN ISLAND.



THE FRENCH COMPLICATIONS IN TUNIS.—MOHAMMED-ES-SADOK, BEY OF TUNIS.

its origin and history, some people believing it marked the burial-place of ill-gotten treasure, others that it is a stolen art gem, and others again that it is a relative of the Cardiff Giant. Whatever it may be, it is certain that it has excited considerable interest, and for this reason we give a sketch of it.

THE CHROMO-DEALER.

IF there is any one thing in this country that is cheap in all its forms, it is the chromo. From the stencil daubs which are turned out by the thousands in a few days to the bits that show merit, taste and skill, the chromo is an institution of vast prevalence. Where it does not exist, human life could not exist; where it cannot be given away as a purchasing inducement or sold or bartered, the spirit of traffic must be long dead. The gaudy ones that cluster auction-rooms, dazzling with ill-matched colors, monstrous in conception and astounding in execution, are laid out, finished up and varnished within an hour, and when mounted in sumptuous-looking frames may be bought by the wholesale at from two dollars to twenty per dozen.

The itinerant chromo-dealer is the superior of the insurance agent, the book-canvasser, the lightning-rod fiend—is more than equal to a combination of all three. His sales are limited only by the stock of goods and the duration of life. His profits would turn a Wall Street broker or a Chicago "corner" king green with envy. He has worked all sections of the land, and yet there is not a single patch of all



ÆSTHETIC CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.—THE PERIPATETIC CHROMO-DEALER.—FROM A SKETCH BY MOSER.

this blessed country that is not in a condition to be worked by him again. He is the most successful merchant in the United States. No Senatorial dead-locks engage his attention, and it is all the same to him whether the World's Fair of 1883 is held in New York, Hoboken or Santa Fe, or whether Riddleberger is confirmed or not.

He has placed in every negro cabin in the South, in every miner's ranch in the great mineral region, in every poor laborer's hut in the North and East and West, a specimen of his stock in trade. The number of Rembrandts, Huntingtons, Morans, Bierstads, De Hasses, Giffords, Melissiers, Leighons, etc., that he has disposed of for three, four, five or ten dollars at a profit of several hundred per cent., will constitute a museum for every city in the country. His name is legion. He is ubiquitous as the air. But his favorite field is the thickly populated negro districts of the South, where our artist recently found him, and sketched him in the very act of victimizing a typical household.

GENERAL THOMAS J. BRADY.

WE give on page 189 a picture of ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Thomas J. Brady, who is just now unpleasantly notorious in connection with the Star Route scandal. General Brady is an Indian, still in the prime of life, and has been conspicuous in the politics of his State for many years. He was appointed Second Assistant Postmaster-General July 24th, 1876, to succeed Judge Tyner, who twelve days before had been promoted to be Postmaster-General. When the Hayes Administration came into power in the following March, General Brady was retained, holding office until his resignation was tendered a fortnight since. He persists in denying any guilty intent in making the extraordinary contracts which are now the subject of investigation.

The Electrical Congress.

THE International Congress of Electricians and the Electrical Exhibition, which are to take place in Paris in August and September next, are creating much interest in scientific circles in New York City, whence many exhibits have been sent. In the absence of Congressional action the State Department is doing all it possibly can to promote a creditable representation of the United States at both the Congress and at the Exhibition. The commission now being organized is a purely voluntary one, and will be under the leadership of Mr. George Walker, the United States Consul-General at Paris.

It has been definitely announced by the Commissioner-General of the Congress, M. George Berger, that the electric lighting of the Palace of the Champs Elysees and its annexes will take place each evening, and the lighting of the Exposition will be magical, all systems, foreign and French, being employed together. The organization of this lighting will be composed of a constant force of about 800-horse power, and more than 50 kilometres of conducting wire.

The order of classification in which the objects exhibited are to be catalogued is as follows:

1. Production of Electricity.
 2. Transmission of Electricity.
 3. Electrometry.
 4. Applications of Electricity.
 5. General Mechanism (including applications to electric industries).
 6. Bibliography and History.
- Those intending to send exhibits from this country are invited to address the Assistant Secretary of State at Washington, D. C., who will furnish blank forms and all necessary particulars. Applications for space should be made not later than the 20th of this month. The exhibition will embrace all inventions and applications of electricity to science, art, manufactures, navigation, telegraphy and commerce. Exhibitors delivering their exhibits at the Palace of the Champs Elysees, in Paris, will be given space gratis, but the installation will be at their own expense. Motive power will be furnished at a reasonable cost. Inventions not patented in France may be protected under the French law of 1868 by filing due application with the Prefect of the Seine at Paris at any time before the 31st day of August.

BOOK NOTICES.

HOW TO WIN ON WALL STREET. By a Successful Operator. New York: W. Carleton & Co., Publishers. London: S. Low, Son & Co., 1881.

This is a book that is bound to "boom." The subject is essentially attractive, and there is a fearless swing in the writing which fascinates. It tells the story of the Street in such a way as to divert bonds and stocks of their terrible dryness, and to add an additional charm to yellow gold. The free-and-easy style encourages one to read on until the reader imagines himself a listener and confidentially enjoying the *entre nous*. "I once asked Mr. Keene if he had any actual rules about buying or selling," observes the author. "His answer was modest and hesitating, and to the effect that he tried to 'buy when stocks were low and sell when they were high.' Then, after a pause, in which it seemed as though he tried to give me the absolute truth, he said, 'I think, with this simple rule always in view, I buy or sell much as a woman would—by intuition.' We have familiar mention of a number of the prominent operators all through the book, while the flavor of 'the Street' is undeniable. The author has evidently been there.

SHADOWS OF SHASTA. By Joaquin Miller, Author of "Songs of the Sierras," "The Danites in the Sierras," etc., etc. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co., 1881.

"Shadows of Shasta" originally appeared in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, October, 1879, under the title of "Two Babes in the Wood," when it caused considerable sensation. Mr. Joaquin Miller has since remodeled the story, prefacing the chapters by verses such as he alone knows how to weave, and, without materially altering, has intensified the dramatic effects. The character of Carrie, or "Carrots," a daughter of the wild woods, is a vivid and forcible creation, so forcible that all others in the book seem as it were to shrink up beneath the fierce light that beats from it. Originally written with a view to being dramatized, the author has been true to his first idea, and in the "49 Mrs. McKee Rankin assumes the rôle of Corcoran." "Shadows of Shasta" abounds in passages full of poetic abandon, while those scenes in which the forest life is described, are fraught with a charm at once enchainingly and irresistibly. The book is dedicated to Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

THE annual report of the operations of the United States Life-saving apparatus for the fiscal year ending June, 1880, is before us, and Summer T. Kimball, the able and indefatigable superintendent, gives a very satisfactory account of his stewardship. There are now 139 stations on the Atlantic, 34 on the Lakes and 6 on the Pacific, making a total of 179. Three hundred disasters occurred to vessels within the scope of the operations of the service during the year. There were 1,989 persons on board these vessels, of whom 1,980 were saved, 9 only being lost. There were succored at the stations 449 shipwrecked persons, to whom 1,302 days' relief in the aggregate was furnished. The estimated value of the vessels involved in these disasters was \$2,616,340, and that of their cargoes \$1,195,568, making the total value of the property imperiled \$3,811,708. Of this amount \$2,619,807 was saved, and \$1,191,901 lost. The number of disasters involving the total loss of the vessels was 67.

THE Annual Report of the Board of Police Justices of the City of New York for the year ending October 31st, 1880, contains 216 pages of statistics, all of which must prove of abiding interest to penologists and philanthropists. The total number of persons arraigned in the police courts of this city for the period covered by the report is 68,477, of which number 49,801 were males, and 18,676 females. For felony 3,776 persons were arraigned, 3,288 males and 488 females; 824 burglars were arraigned, 776 being males, 48 females. For grand larceny 1,015 persons were arraigned, 811 males, 204 females. Miscellaneous offenses amounted to 13,539, 11,270 of the misdemeanors being males, and 2,269 females. Assault and battery claimed 4,465, the ladies making 541, and so on. Of the 46,358 persons held to answer, fined, committed in default of bail, or sent to reformatory institutions, the several nationalities were as follows: United States, 22,276; Ireland, 17,547; Germany, 3,282; England, 1,289; Scotland, 495; France, 328; Italy, 470; other countries, 671. The fines collected amounted to \$53,622.42. The report is admirably made out and bespeaks considerable care in compilation.

THE FLOODS IN DAKOTA.—We have received from Mr. S. J. Morrow, the excellent photographer of Yankton, a large package of photographs showing the effects of the late ice-break and floods on the Missouri River. Several of these are reproduced in this issue, from which our readers may judge of the character of the collection. Pictures speak more clearly than words, and these views give a far more perfect idea of the destruction of property and the eccentric movement of ice than all the dispatches put together. Persons desirous of adding these views to their stereoscopic collections can procure them of S. J. Morrow, Yankton, Dakota.

FUN.

YOUNG LADY (examining some bridal veils): "Can you really recommend this one?" *Over-sealous Shopman*: "Oh, yes, miss! It may be used several times."

DAMPENING!—*Old Triggs*: "Hello, Jones, got your feet soaping wet, haven't you? Why don't you wear rubbers, as I do? I haven't wet my feet for six months." *Jones*: "Well, I should think you'd be ashamed to say so."

"Mr. SLOWBRAIN," said Mrs. S. to her husband, "will you please tell me if those two gentlemen who are passing are brothers." "Yes—that is—he—the one this way is I'm sure, for I know him, but I am not acquainted with the other."

A COVETOUS little girl in Titusville, Pa., took a litter of puppies which she prized highly to a next-door neighbor and wished to exchange them for a newly-arrived baby. She was greatly disappointed when her offer was politely but firmly declined.

CALEB's girl worked him a nice slipper for a watch-case and sent it to him at his birthday. He tried it on, and then wrote back to her that if she was working on the other, for mercy's sake to make it larger, as that one was too small. She sent him a large-sized mitten.

LIVERSTICK has been ill for some weeks, and Jones, meeting Smith, says, "How's Liverstick, Smith—any better?" "Well," says Smith, "his physician is hopeful." "Yes—yes," responds Smith, "that's all very well, but is his undertaker hopeful? That's more to the purpose."

"SEE here," said a fault-finding husband to his wife, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept." "With all my heart," she sweetly answered. "And let us begin with your late hours, my love; I should dearly like to know where they are kept." He lets things run on as usual.

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a person of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the apostles. "Ah!" said she, "he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

A MODEL MODEL.—A scene in a picture-gallery shows a "model model" in a man who serves as a model for an artist, and in the artist's absence explains the pictures to a lady visitor. "From whom did Mr. M'Gill paint that head?" "From yours obediently, madam; I sit for the 'eds of all 'is 'oily men.'" "He must find you a very useful person." "Yes, madam; I order his frames, stretch his canvases, wash all his brushes, set his palette, and mix all his colors. All he's got to do is to shove 'em on."

"How do you like the Episcopalian service?" asked Jones. "Never heard it," replied Fogg. "I dropped in at one of the churches last Sunday. It was quite early, and so I began reading the service. I didn't read far, though, before I found that it would never do for me. So I came out." "Why, what was the trouble?" "Too many collections." "Too many collections?" "Yes, on almost every page it said 'collect.' One collection is all I can afford to respond to. Must be awfully expensive to be an Episcopalian."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

A SUMMER DRINK.

Put a teaspoonful of ACID PHOSPHATE in a glass of water, sugar to taste, and you have a delicious drink, that is more healthful than any made from lemons or limes, and a deal more gratifying to the thirsty recipient.

A REAL WANT SUPPLIED.—Of all articles which enter into domestic use there is perhaps not one of so great importance to the health and happiness of the family as a really good Baking Powder. Although there are many in the market, yet the want of a perfectly pure and reliable article has long been felt. The many customers and the public will, therefore, welcome the BAKING POWDER which the firm of G. V. HECKER & Co. are now offering, and it should have an extensive sale, as their experience of thirty years in making Self-Raising Flour enables them to produce a perfect Baking Powder. It was awarded the highest premium at the recent Fair of the American Institute.

A SMOOTH complexion can be had by every lady who will use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. For promptly regulating the liver and kidneys and purifying the blood there is nothing like it, and this is the reason why it so quickly removes pimples and gives a rosy bloom to the cheek.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS do not only distinguish themselves by their flavor and aromatic odor above all others generally used, but they are also a sure preventive for all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

GRAY hairs are honorable, but their premature appearance is annoying. PARKER'S HAIR BALM is popular for cleanliness and promptly restoring the youthful color.

WITH all the convenience, comfort and appliances of a first-class hotel, which it is, the ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, in New York, unites advantages that render it unusually desirable, especially to those who visit New York with their wives and families. Its very central location and its efficient management are features that make the ST. NICHOLAS a popular as well as comfortable home for the traveler, and one from which none go away dissatisfied.

FISS & HATCH,

BANKERS.

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS,
5 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY.

STOCK DEPARTMENT.

We do a general commission business in all Stocks and Bonds dealt in at the New York Stock Exchange, and in other sound and marketable securities.

As we do not undertake speculative business on margin, our facilities are more especially devoted to buying and selling for investors and cash customers. We are thus enabled to give particular attention to this class of orders.

One of our firm is a member of the Stock Exchange, and the execution of all orders receives our personal attention.

We give special attention to orders from Banks, Bankers, Institutions and investors out of the city, by Mail or Telegraph, to buy or sell Government Bonds, State and Railroad Bonds, Bank Stocks, Railroad Stocks, and other securities.

Copies of the Eighth Edition of "Memoranda Concerning Government Bonds" can be had on application.

FISS & HATCH.

RIKER'S CREAM OF ROSES, unlike any other article of the kind, *acts nature* in causing the skin to be clear, soft and beautiful. Sold everywhere at 50 cents. WM. B. RIKER & SON, Druggists, 353 Sixth Avenue, sole manufacturers.

HUB PUNCH is growing in favor.

"Use Redding's Russia Salve."

TO THE LADIES.

PIMPLES and blotches immediately eradicated by DR. TOBIE'S VENETIAN LINIMENT; it also restores gray hair to its natural color; warranted perfectly harmless; 25c. and 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

POSTMASTER JAMES received a letter from Norwich, Conn., on which was the following address: "Mr. Colton, 'the tooth Puller,' Somewhere in Cooper Institute Building, better known in the country as the 'Gas Man.' Will the genial Col. James see that he gets this." New York City."

EPPS'S COCOA.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Sold only in soldered tins, $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., labeled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, LONDON, ENG.

Also, EPPS'S CHOCOLATE ESSENCE for afternoon use.

A NEW DISCOVERY.
Unequalled as a Glue, Cement or Binding.
WILL REPAIR ANYTHING.



Cementine

Hot and Cold Water has no effect on it.
For sale by the leading Stationers, Grocers, Furniture, Crockery Dealers and Druggists.
HERKHOUGH CO., Prop'rs, New York.

Brain and Nerve Food.

Composed of the Vital or Nerve-giving Principles of the Ox-Brain and Wheat-Germ.
IT GIVES VITALITY TO THE INSUFFICIENT BODILY OR MENTAL GROWTH OF CHILDREN; FEEDS THE BRAIN AND NERVES; PREVENTS FRETFULNESS; GIVES QUIET, REST AND SLEEP. AN ILL-FED BRAIN LEARNS NO LESSONS, AND IS EXCUSABLE IF PEEVISH. RESILENT INFANTS ARE CURED AS IT PROMOTES GOOD HEALTH TO BRAIN AND BODY. IT IS A CURE FOR NERVOUSNESS AND DEBILITY IN YOUNG OR OLD. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages. For sale by Druggists, or by mail, \$1.

F. CROSBY, 664 & 686 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE
The Family WASH BLUE
For Sale by Grocers.
D. S. WILTBERGER, Prop.
233 N. Second St., Philadelphia.

NICOLL THE TAILOR.
620 Broadway
and 139 to 151 Bowery, New York.

PANTS TO ORDER, \$4.00 TO \$10.00.
SUITS TO ORDER, \$15.00 TO \$40.00.
SPRING OVERCOATS TO ORDER, FROM \$12.00 UP.
Samples, with instructions for self-measurement, sent free to every part of the United States.
Open Evenings until 9 o'clock; Saturday until 10 o'clock.

Has Stood Years of Field Tests!

BAUGH'S
Twenty-five Dollar Phosphate.

An Ammoniated Super-Phosphate for
\$25 per Ton of 2,000 Pounds.

Ask your dealer for it, and, if he does not have it, "TAKE NO OTHER," but address

BAUGH & SONS, Sole Manufacturers,
90 South Delaware Ave., Philadelphia.

WHITE Glycerine

Gives a
Permanently
Beautiful
Complexion.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all spots, imperfections and discolorations, either within or upon the skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Freckles, Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap. 5 cakes by mail 60c. Pearl's White Glycerine Soap. 5 cakes by mail 60c. Co. Prop'rs Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

70 NEW STYLE Chromo Cards, name on, 10c.; or 40 all gilt and Bevel Edge Cards, 10c. The U. S. Card Factory Co., Clintonville, Ct.

THURBER'S RELIABLE CANNED GOODS.

GREAT progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, Fish and Meats in tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exposed for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase-price in any case where consumers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in Food Products,
New York.

For Breakfast!

CHOCOLAT
MENIER.

Sold Everywhere.

PARIS AND LONDON.

New York Depot 286 Greenwich St.

OUR BEST REWARD.

WINSTON, FORSYTHES CO., N. C., March 2, 1880.
GENTS—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtue of your Bitters. Very respectfully, Rev. H. FERRER.

HAY CITY, Mich., Feb. 3, 1880.
Hop Bitters Co.—I think it my duty to send you a recommendation for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them. Dr. A. PRATT, Treatise of Chronic Diseases. Send for Circulars of Testimonials, to HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURING CO., Rochester, N. Y., Toronto, Ont., or London, Eng.

FIRST PRIZE MEDAL, VIENNA, 1873.
C. WEIS { Manufacturer of
Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and
retail. Repairing done. Circular free.
399 Broadway, N. Y.
Factories, 69 Walker Street and Vienna.

\$1.50 Worth of Music
For TEN CENTS
STODDART'S MUSICAL LIBRARY,
Containing gems of the best American and foreign authors. New Operas, New Songs, Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, Lancers, Fantasies, etc., etc. Send stamp for complete catalogue to J. M. STODDART, No. 16 East 14th St., New York; or, No. 727 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

VITALIZED PHOSPHATES.

Composed of the Vital or Nerve-giving Principles of the Ox-Brain and Wheat-Germ.
IT GIVES VITALITY TO THE INSUFFICIENT BODILY OR MENTAL GROWTH OF CHILDREN; FEEDS THE BRAIN AND NERVES; PREVENTS FRETFULNESS; GIVES QUIET, REST AND SLEEP. AN ILL-FED BRAIN LEARNS NO LESSONS, AND IS EXCUSABLE IF PEEVISH. RESILENT INFANTS ARE CURED AS IT PROMOTES GOOD HEALTH TO BRAIN AND BODY. IT IS A CURE FOR NERVOUSNESS AND DEBILITY IN YOUNG OR OLD. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages. For sale by Druggists, or by mail, \$1.

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Gives a
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Complexion.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all spots, imperfections and discolorations, either within or upon the skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Freckles, Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap. 5 cakes by mail 60c. Pearl's White Glycerine Soap. 5 cakes by mail 60c. Co. Prop'rs Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

70 NEW STYLE Chromo Cards, name on, 10c.; or 40 all gilt and Bevel Edge Cards, 10c. The U. S. Card Factory Co., Clintonville, Ct.

The OLDEST and BEST of the JUVENILES.

Frank Leslie's
Boys' & Girls' Weekly

A JOURNAL OF AMUSEMENT, ADVENTURE AND INSTRUCTION—A SIXTEEN-PAGE FOUR-COLUMN PAPER, PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

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NEW STORIES.

New Serial Stories appear in rapid succession; the following are now in course of publication:

- "Work Will Win; Or, Two Boys' Fortunes." By Sherwood Castleton.
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- "The Blackfish Schooner; Or, The Lost Boys of the Cruising Ground." By Roger Starbuck.
- "The Young Turtle-Hunters; Or, The Lost Treasures of the Haunted Lagoon." By Matt Marling.
- "Hanky Panky; Or, The Boy who Couldn't Keep Still." By Bracebridge Henry.
- "The Speechless Spy; Or, The Adventures of a Deaf and Dumb Boy." By Nathan D. Urner.

There are also Short Stories, Sketches, Anecdotes, Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands, Portraits and Biographies of Distinguished Pupils in the Public Schools, Miscellany, etc., etc.

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Secret of a Beautiful Face.



I WAS DREADFULLY AFRAID THAT HORRID FEVER WOULD RUIN MY COMPLEXION FOR LIFE, BUT "LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH" HAS SETTLED THAT QUESTION WITH A LOVELY SUCCESS.

Every lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. With this essential a lady appears handsome, even if her features are not perfect. Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin, should lose no time in procuring and applying

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH.

It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections, and is entirely harmless. It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin. Over two million ladies have used this delightful toilet preparation, and in every instance it has given entire satisfaction. Ladies, if you desire to be beautiful, give LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH a trial, and be convinced of its wonderful efficacy.

Sold by Fancy Goods Dealers and Druggists everywhere. Price 75 cts. per Bottle. Depot, 83 John St., N. Y.

ANCHOR LINE

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS. NEW YORK AND GLASGOW. From Pier 20, North River, New York. DEVONIA, May 7, noon. ETHIOPIA, May 21, noon. ANCHORIA, May 14, 6 A.M. FURNESSIA, May 28, 6 A.M. These steamers do not carry cattle, sheep or pigs. Cabins, \$60 to \$80. Excursion Tickets at reduced rates. Second Cabin, \$40. Steerage, \$25. TO GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL OR DERRY.

NEW YORK TO LONDON DIRECT. From Pier 46, North River, Foot of Charles Street. BOLIVIA, May 14, 6 A.M. | UTOPIA, May 21, noon.

Cabins, \$55 to \$65, according to accommodations. Cabin Excursion Tickets at reduced rates. Drafts issued for any amount at current rates. HENDERSON BROTHERS, Agts., 7 Bowling Green, N.Y.

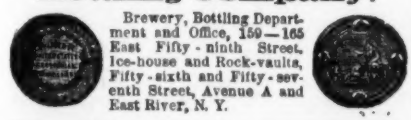
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A REVOLUTION in Repeating Rifles. The finest sporting arm in the world. Similar to a Winchester in appearance, but combining the best points of both the Lever and Bolt systems, made by the manufacturers of the world-famous Ballard Rifles, ample guarantee of its supremacy in every particular. Send for a Circular and become acquainted with the best Marlin Gun in the world. **Repeating Rifle** Daily & Sales, 64 Chambers Street, New York.

5-LINE ADVERTISEMENT inserted one week in 300 newspapers for \$10. 100-page pamphlet free. GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

DEAF PEOPLE HEAR
PECK'S, the only patented ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUMS, are Cushioned, Ventilated, Comfortable and unnoticed, and Restore Hearing. Physicians highly recommend them. For Asthma or Catarrh, send for Dr. Stinson's Sure Remedies. Treatise mailed free. H. P. K. PECK, Agt., 115 Nassau St., New York.

IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN 100 Florins Government Bond,
ISSUED IN 1864.
Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings **FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY**, Until each and every bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond MUST draw a Prize, as there are NO BLANKS. **THE THREE HIGHEST PRIZES AMOUNT TO**
200,000 FLORINS;
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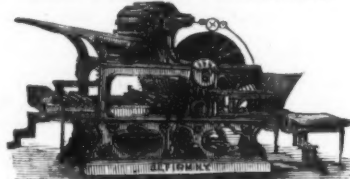
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THE MISSOURI RIVER FLOODS.

THE extent and terribly devastating effect of the recent floods in the Missouri River Valley, especially in the vicinity of Yankton, Dakota, are but inadequately appreciated at this distance from the scene. The practical obliteration of towns, the inundation of areas of territory, miles upon miles in extent; the imprisonment of thousands of settlers in rural neighborhoods within icy and impenetrable barriers, so that their rescue was for eight or nine days impossible; the absolute suspension of all means of railway communication over long distances by the relentless sweep of the angry floods—these were all elements in a situation which is altogether unprecedented in the Northwest or elsewhere. At Yankton the ice was for days piled to a height of from ten to thirty feet along the banks of the Missouri and on the bars and bottoms. The bottom from that point to the Big Sioux, sixty miles long and from five to twenty miles wide, was completely under water, and all the stock—hundreds of thousands of head—was drowned, while the farm-houses and villages were literally afloat. On the site of Green Island, where the ice was twenty feet deep, only one house out of twenty was left standing.

Refugees from the low lands were brought in in yaws, the rescuers in some cases having to cut their way through dense fields of ice. Steamboat property suffered vast damage, several vessels being carried from the river current and landed on mountains of ice far inland. One steamer was carried out on the prairie a mile from the channel; another struck the railway-shops at Yankton and demolished them, and others were stranded high up on the railway tracks, whence it was impossible to remove them. The Government warehouses at Yankton were destroyed, and a portion of the goods stored in them was swept away by the impetuous flood.

These statements only barely outline the sweep and scope of the disaster. Even the official statement but dimly depicts it. "For two weeks," it says, "areas of bottom lands extending many hundreds of miles along each side of the river were submerged by water and heavy masses of ice. Dwellings, churches, stores, school-houses, even whole villages were demolished and swept away. A careful estimate shows that at least 7,000 people were driven from their homes. Of this number at least one-half lost everything but the clothing they had on." Fancy the scene here described—towns devastated, families destitute and starving, exposed to pitiless cold and horded in groups wherever the flood left them foothold, water and ice roaring and crushing everywhere; even the towns on the uplands so far invaded as to drive the occupants of houses to the upper stories for safety—and there is presented a picture so full of horrors that even the coldest imagination must be stirred to its profoundest depths.

On this and the succeeding page we illustrate some of the scenes and incidents of the flood from photos furnished by S. J. Morrow, of Yankton, whose views—of which we give only a few—afford a more perfect glimpse of the disaster in its reality than any mere description could possibly do.

SAN FRANCISCO FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THROUGH the active exertions of Hon. George H. Rogers, State Senator, a law was passed by the Legislature of California in March, 1878, to establish free public libraries and reading-rooms. It authorized the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco to levy a small tax to support such a library, and named the following well-known gentlemen as the first Board of Trustees, to serve during good behavior, without salary, viz: George H. Rogers, John S. Hager, Irving M. Scott, Robert J. Tobin, E. D. Sawyer, John H. Wise, Andrew J. Moulder, Louis Sloss, A. S. Hallidie, Charles C. Terrill and Henry George. At the close of March, 1879, a lease was obtained of Pacific Hall, a lofty and spacious hall, 135 feet long by 56 feet wide, on Bush Street, near Kearney. A wide gallery, in which is located the newspaper reading-room, stretches across the western end of the hall. The room was speedily fitted up with shelves and alcoves, protected by high wire railing. In a little while some 15,000 books were purchased, twenty large tables and some three hundred chairs were located on the main floor, and in June, 1879, the library was opened to the public with the privilege of taking out books to read in the hall, but not to carry home. The institution at once became popular, and has ever since been crowded every day from nine in the morning up to nine o'clock at night. It is kept open on Sunday from one o'clock P. M. to nine P. M.

In June, 1880, Mr. Fred B. Perkins, for many years connected with the Free Library of Boston, was elected Librarian, and in July, 1880, the library was opened to the public for circulation. From the first it was a striking success. Any citizen is allowed to avail himself of its privileges by presenting an application in due form, with the indorsement of a responsible guarantor. At the present time the

membership exceeds 9,000; the number of volumes in the library is about 25,000; and the circulation in March, 1881, reached 46,349 volumes. The whole number of visitors in March was 46,349, of whom 34,725 were males and 11,624 females.

In April, 1880, a general Act was passed to establish free public libraries and reading-rooms, under which the management of the institution was reorganized. Under that Act, the Governor appointed as Trustees of the San Francisco Library: Thomas B. Bishop, John S. Hager, A. S. Hallidie, Charles Kohler, Andrew J. Moulder, Geo. H. Rogers, E. D. Sawyer, Irving M. Scott, Chas. C. Terrill, Robert J. Tobin, and John H. Wise. The Mayor is *ex-officio* a member of the Board. Later, Mr. Andrew J. Moulder resigned as Trustee, and was elected Secretary. He was succeeded by Captain James H. McDonald. The present officers of the institution are: Geo. H. Rogers, President; Andrew J. Moulder, Secretary; Fred. B. Perkins, Librarian. The library staff consists of five lady assistants and two gentlemen.

The income of the library from taxation amounts to about \$25,000 per annum, of which about one-half is invested in the purchase of books.

The institution has become such a success, and

tween the sister Republics. It is proposed to extend the Sonora Railway, which is an extension of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe line, through New Mexico into Arizona, and thence to Hermosillo, terminating at Guaymas in Sonora, on the Gulf of California. The public will look to the completion of this road with great interest, as it will develop rich agricultural and mining districts by the shortest and most practical route across the continent.

One of the most important mineral developments will be an anthracite coal-field about 115 miles from Guaymas. This of itself will probably develop into an important industry, but it assumes greater importance from the fact that a cheap fuel will greatly assist in the development of other minerals, and will lighten the public's burden, by reducing the railroad company's cost of transportation.

Several good authorities have visited this coal field. W. Brückner, M.E., says: "The thickness of the coal exposed to the eye is five to six feet, perfectly pure and free from slate. The foot-wall has not been exposed, so that the real thickness of the vein is not known. I analyzed two samples of this coal, taken by myself as I went through the mine, and found it 41 per cent. of ash of a grayish color, and as fine as wood ashes. This coal has been used

The population of the city of Guaymas is 7,000, and of Hermosillo 12,000. The distance from Guaymas to the boundary line is 250 miles.

The coinage of the mints of Hermosillo and Alamos, in the State of Sonora, for the year 1878 was: Gold and silver, \$1,693,471. There was exported in bars and crude about \$450,000, and in ores and concentrations about \$350,000, making a total of about \$2,500,000. This came from the mines of Los Bronces, La Barranca, Trinidad, Zubrate, San Marcial, Banamichi, Alamos, and the mining district of the Sierra.

Sonora is the best wheat-growing country in Mexico, and supplies the west coast of Mexico and Arizona with flour. There are forty flour-mills in the State. The company to construct the road from the Arizona boundary to Guaymas, a distance of about 250 miles, has been incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, and is called the Sonora Railway Company, Limited.

The railroad boom is only in its infancy, and ere two years shall have passed, Mexico will be on the high road to take her place amongst nations. The absurd cry of "annexation" is raised by needy professional politicians, whose hopes of existence hang upon creating clap-net sounds whereby to gain a hearing. The educated Mexican—and his name is legion—knows perfectly well that the United States has already a larger domain than she cares for, and that outlying States are impatiently rapping for admittance into the Union. The educated Mexican is keenly alive to the fact that his country is two hundred years behind the times, and, loving it as he does, he is eager for its development. He has already experienced the value of the electric telegraph system, which utterly puts a stop to the much-dreaded *promociones*, and now he is possibly desirous of seeing the country a network of iron roads. He realizes the fact that the more American capital pours into his country the richer his country will become, and the nearer will Mexico stride to the days of her former splendor—no longer barbaric in the days of Spanish rule, but civilized to the highest degree of civilization. He knows what a glorious climate he enjoys in the *tierra fria*, and that its delicious balm once tasted by American invalids, a new source of wealth will be opened to the City of Mexico and its beautiful surroundings.

He sees in his mind's eye avenues of winter residences in the suburb of Tacubaya, now devoted to the cultivation of the maguery plant, and palatial villas under the budding crag of Chapultepec. He beholds the seaports busy and thriving, looms whirling, lands cultivated, and his beloved country free as air, yet linked by a golden link to her sister republic. "Let us bridge the Rio Grande," is the watchword of every thinking man in Mexico.

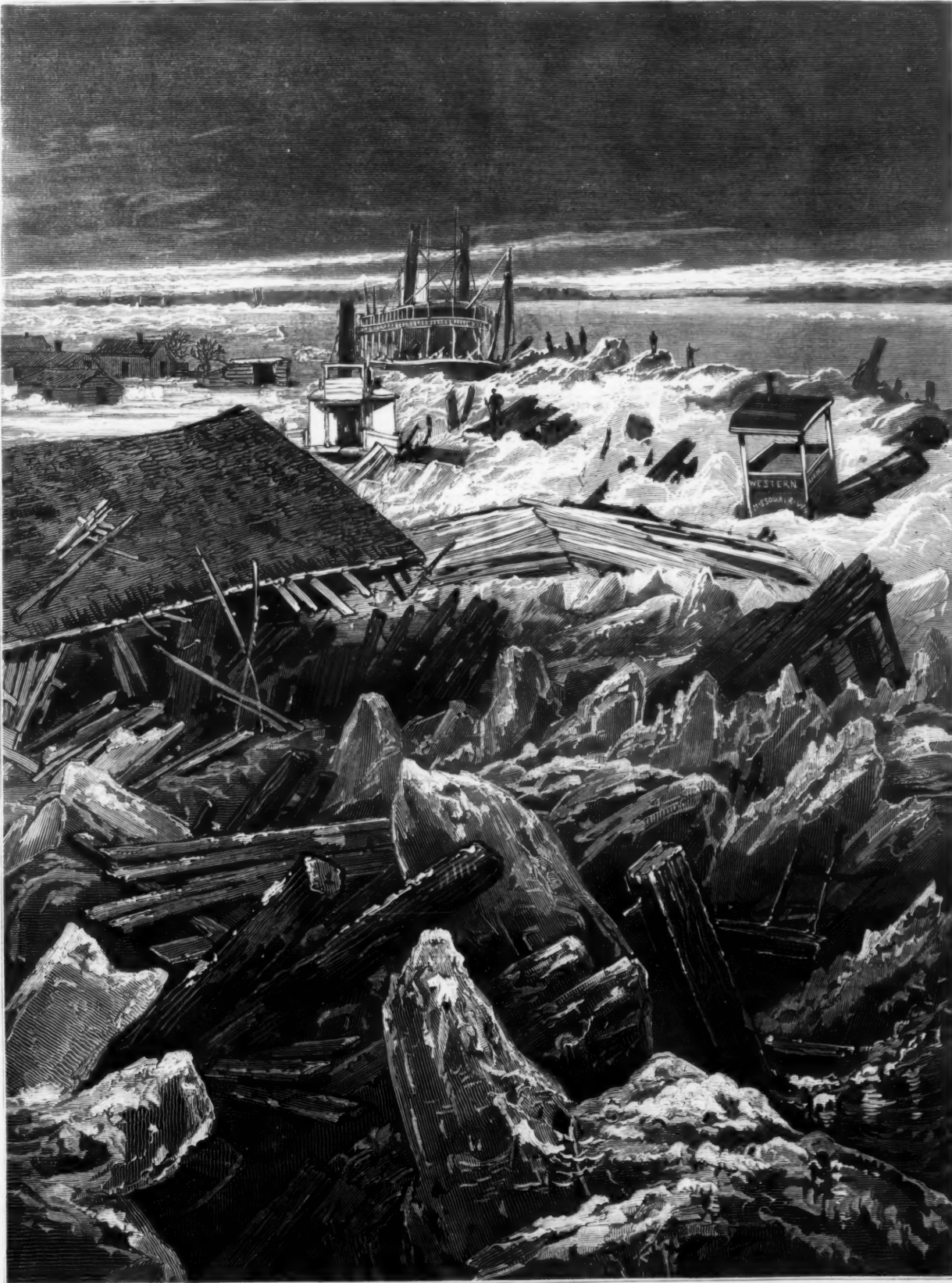
We publish on page 195 an illustration of the harbor and city of Guaymas. The harbor is pronounced one of the best on the Pacific Coast. We also give an illustration of the depot of the Sonora Railroad at Ardiila Island.

GUIDES TO THE CAPITOL.

THE system of "Capitol Guides," lately introduced in the Capitol at Washington, is one which commends itself to the gratitude of all lone traveling women. Never were the small uniformed boys in greater demand than during the inauguration week, when the whole building swarmed with family parties from the country, and mothers with lunch-baskets and umbrellas trailed their children wearily up and down the lobbies, and wandered about in circles and involved themselves in no thoroughfares of mystery and confusion. Parties in search of Statuary Hall hovered ignorantly for hours about its neighborhood, or, once inside, lost themselves afresh in wild conjectures over the identity of the bronze and marble heroes, who could not by any possibility be correctly catalogued in the note-books. Now a brisk youth, with buttons and straps, rattles off the names of statesmen and sculptors, and leads you, like Jonas Chuzzlewit's cabman, "to the extremest verge of possibility" between the crypt and the dome, with all the security of knowledge and a surprising familiarity with short cuts.

FRESH-WATER SPRING IN THE ATLANTIC.

ONE of the most remarkable displays of nature may be seen on the Atlantic coast, eighteen miles from St. Augustine. Off Matanzas Inlet, three miles from shore, a mammoth fresh-water spring gurgles up from the depth of the ocean with such force and volume as to attract the attention of all who come in its immediate vicinity. The fountain is large, bold and turbulent. It is noticeable to fishermen and others passing in small boats along near the shore. For many years this wonderful and mysterious freak of nature has been known to the people of St. Augustine and those living along the shore, and some of the superstitious ones have been taught to regard it with a kind of reverential awe.



DAKOTA.—THE GREAT FLOOD ON THE MISSOURI RIVER—GENERAL VIEW OF THE LOWER LANDING AT YANKTON, AFTER THE RISE OF APRIL 5TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. J. MORROW.

the eagerness of the public to avail themselves of its advantages so great, that the extensive accommodations provided are already becoming too contracted, and the trustees are looking with confidence to the erection, at an early period, of a suitable structure on one of the public squares for the permanent accommodation of the library.

THE INNER LIFE OF MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.

THE NEW RAILROAD THROUGH SONORA.

THE commercial and argus eyes of this vast continent are turned toward Mexico, and the burning question of the hour is the through railway. Mr. Robert Symon, Deputy Chairman of the Sonora Railway Company, promises to take a train through from the Grand Central Depot in New York, to the depot in the City of Mexico, at Buena Vista, in six days, within two years from this date, probably within a lesser period; and from the rapid progress at present being made in the works, 365 days ought to do a great deal towards forging the iron link be-

for one year for steam purposes at the Barranca mill. The engineer in charge of this mill, who has had a long experience on Atlantic steamers, where he used Pennsylvania anthracite, believes it to be superior to the latter, the Sonora coal containing less ash and leaving no clinkers on the grate. I made no other analysis, but will say that from the way the coal burns there is not the slightest trace of bitumen in it." Experiments made by General W. S. Rosecrans with specimens taken to San Francisco by Mr. Brückner gave a specific gravity of 1.77. The extension of the railroad into Sonora will develop a country with the following population:

District.	Population.
Ures.....	18,282
Hermosillo.....	19,872
Guaymas.....	14,947
Alamos.....	21,800
Mocetzuma.....	9,395
Sahuaripa.....	7,996
Aritar.....	5,543
Magdalena.....	5,468
Total.....	110,809

or holy horror, as the abode of supernatural influences. When the waters of the ocean in its vicinity are otherwise calm and tranquil, the upheaving and troubled appearance of the water shows unmistakable evidences of internal commotion. An area of about half an acre shows this troubled appearance—something similar to the boiling of a washerwoman's kettle. Six or eight years ago Commodore Hitchcock, of the United States Coast Survey, was passing this place, and his attention was directed to the spring by the upheavings of the water, which threw his ship from her course as she entered the spring. His curiosity becoming excited by this circumstance, he set to work to examine its surroundings, and found six fathoms of water everywhere in the vicinity, while the spring itself was almost fathomless.

THE BOERS AT HOME.

ISOLATED and cut off as they are from nearly all civilizing influences, the Boers, even of the present day, are extremely primitive in their ways and habits. They live in plain, one-storied, rough-looking houses, generally built of either sun-dried or half-burnt bricks, the roofs either pitched or flat; if the former, thatched with straw or rushes, if the latter, a layer of earth (*brak grond*) about six inches in depth, is laid on for a roof. The ceiling is composed of a number of Spanish reeds, placed on rough beams, and laced together by strips of raw oxhide or junk. One large front room (*voor-kamer*), a couple or three bedrooms, a pantry, and a kitchen (*kombuis*), either joined on or detached in the form of a conical hut—this, as a rule, forms the whole of an ordinary Boer's establishment; but on the farms of the better class outbuildings may be frequently seen, such as wagon-houses, stables, forage-rooms, etc. Their household and domestic arrangements are of the simplest order. The hour of rising in the summer months is about four, when, during the interval of waiting for coffee, a psalm is sung, the whole family, from the youngest

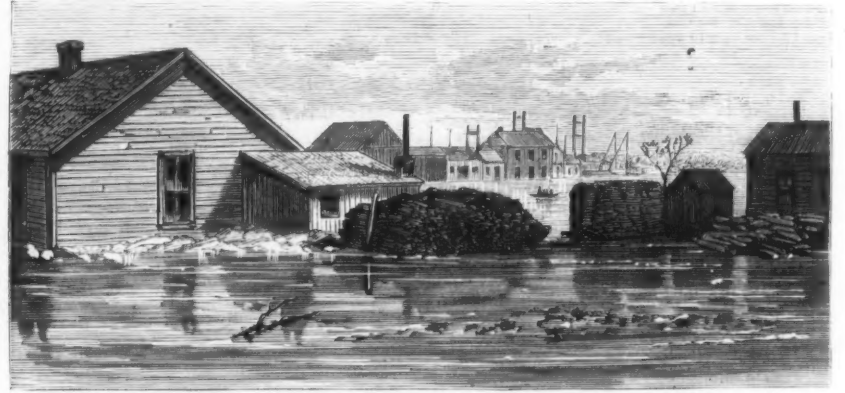


THE RELIEF TEAMS IN LOWER YANKTON.

to the oldest, joining in. This practice, though, has of late greatly fallen off, and is only retained by the old-fashioned, ultra-orthodox, or dopper class. After coffee—for the most part guiltless of sugar and very often of milk—a general move is made by the male portion, old and young, to the sheep, goat and cattle kraals. After some lounging gossiping and pipe-smoking, the herds are summoned from their huts, each one to his particular charge, his flock counted, and taken out to feed in a certain direction allotted to him. About ten o'clock, after a good, solid, substantial breakfast, always of animal food, some more lounging, gossiping and pipe-smoking is indulged in. Presently the Boer and his sons will perhaps do a little kraal-building, garden-digging, shoemaking or harness-mending, or a wagon may be inspinned for the purpose of bringing firewood or thorn branches for kraal-making. One of them will perhaps saddle a horse just brought from the *veldt*, mount it, and, with his ever trusty rifle slung across his shoulders, ride out in search of missing stock, to shoot game, or see a neighbor. A cup of coffee and a rusk is all that is partaken of at midday; after that a general *sista*, which all indulge in up to about four o'clock. Then comes coffee again, a sort of afternoon "eye-opener," with more lounging, gossiping and smoking. This generally continues until the return of the flocks and herds at sunset, when another inspection, and perhaps counting, is gone through, with the same listless monotony as in the early morning. About eight o'clock supper is put on the table. This is by far the most important and substantial meal of the day. It generally consists of a huge dish of stewed mutton, partially submerged in fatty gravy, or else a dish of nicely cooked sheep's head and feet (*kop en potjies*). In the place of vegetables—they, as a rule, being very scarce—stamped boiled mealies (Indian corn), or boiled wheat, dough cakes, rice, boiled dried fruit, etc., go to make the general summing-up. It should be stated that each meal is prefaced by a long "grace," delivered in a most wearisome, monotonous drawl, partaking indeed more of the nature of a prayer than a blessing.



THE STEAMER "NELLIE PECK" LYING ON THE RAILROAD TRACK.



VIEW FROM SCALES, ON THIRD STREET, LOOKING SOUTHEAST.



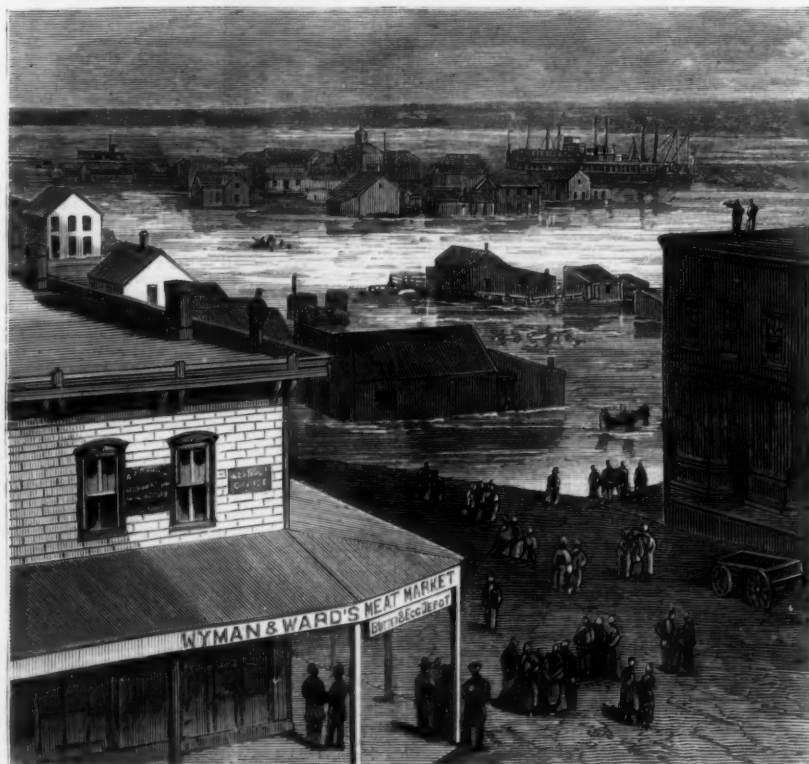
THE RED HOUSE ABOVE THE WAYS.



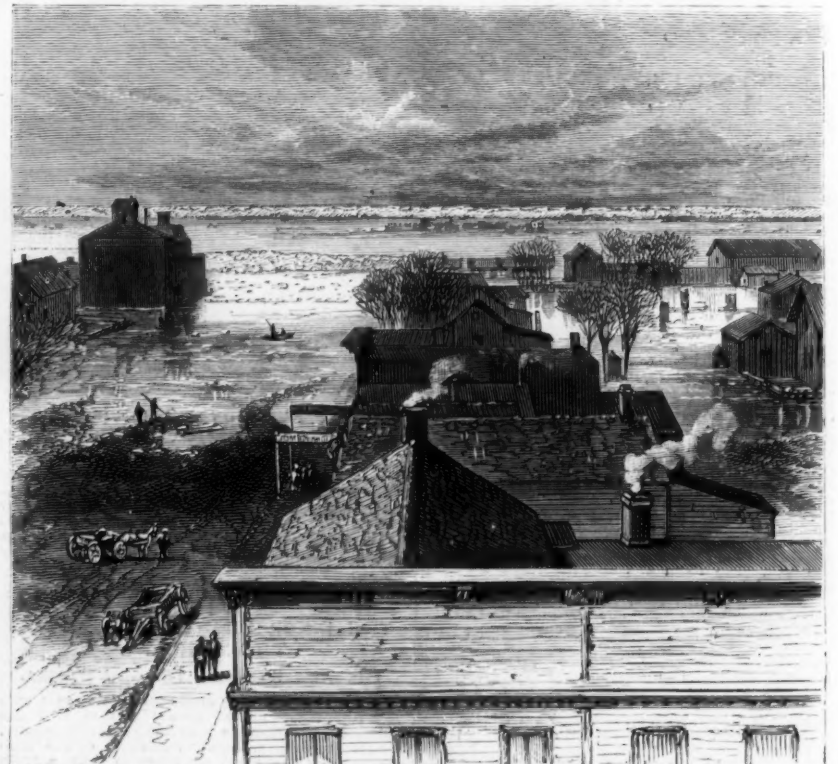
THE RAILROAD DEPOT DURING HIGHEST RISE.



STEAMERS RAISED THIRTY FEET ABOVE LOW-WATER MARK.

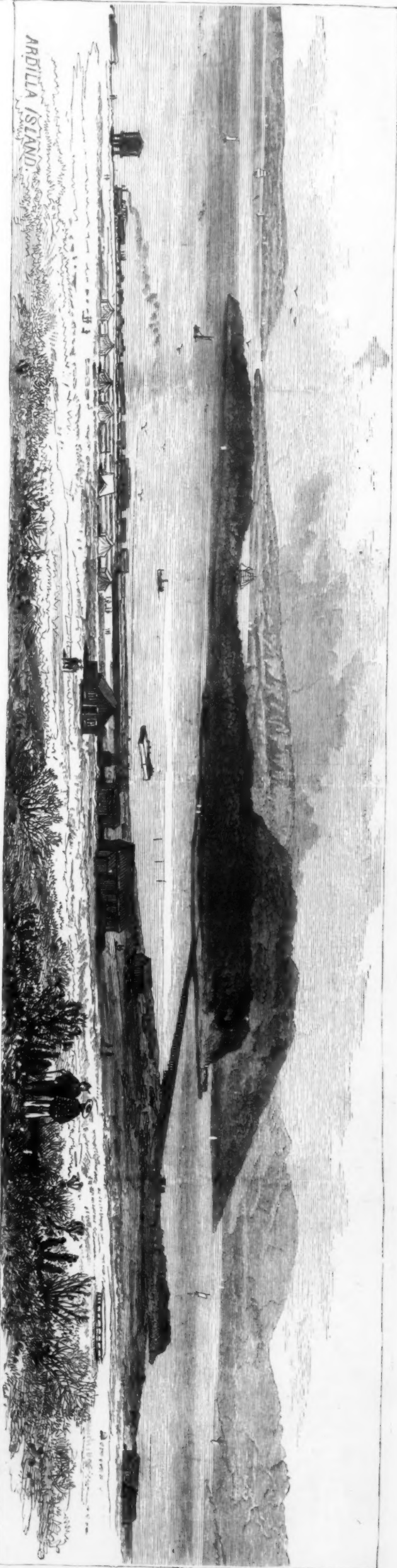


VIEW OF BOATS ON THE WAYS AND AT LOWER YANKTON.

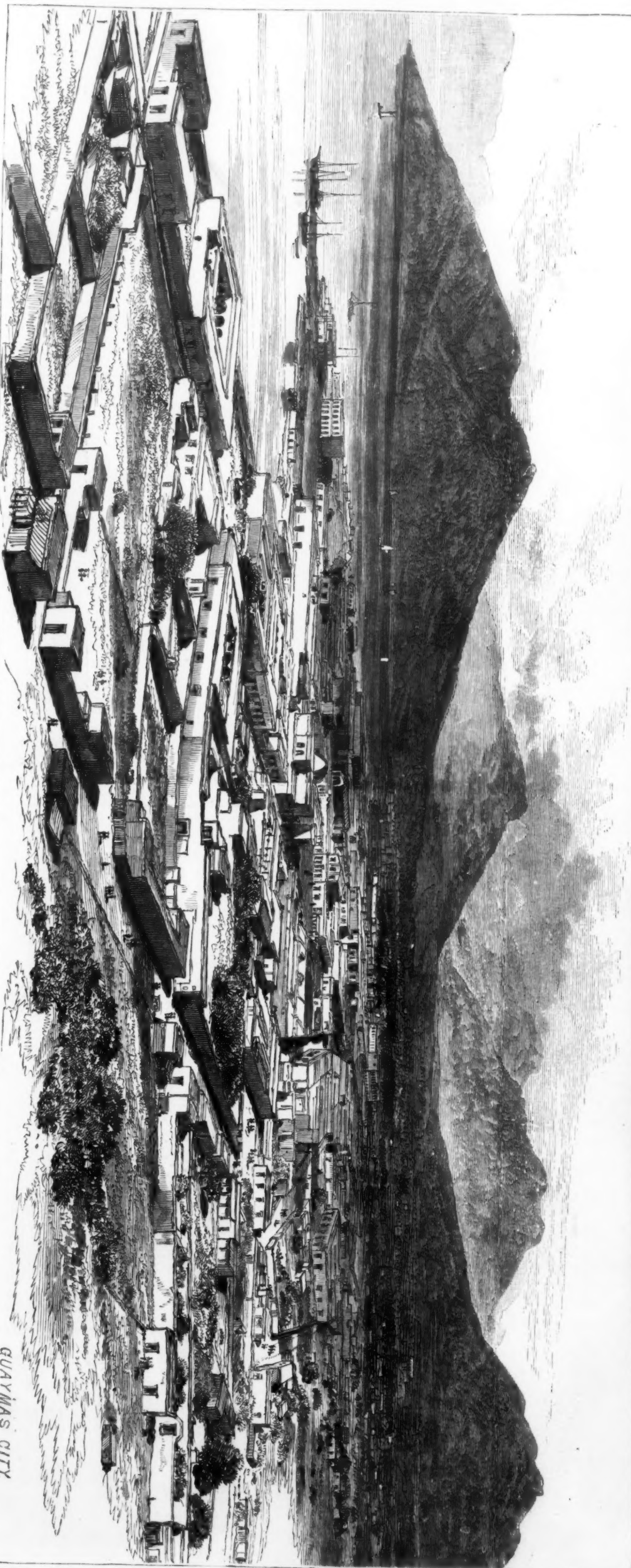


VIEW LOOKING SOUTH, SHOWING THE ONLY HOUSE LEFT ON GREEN ISLAND, NEB.

DAKOTA.—THE GREAT FLOOD ON THE MISSOURI RIVER.—SCENES AT YANKTON AND VICINITY.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. J. MORROW.—SEE PAGE 193.



ARDILLA ISLAND.



GUAYMAS CITY.

1. ARDILLA ISLAND, DEPOT OF THE SONORA RAILROAD, IN THE HARBOR OF GUAYMAS, GULF OF CALIFORNIA. 2. THE HARBOR AND CITY OF GUAYMAS, THE PROPOSED PACIFIC TERMINUS OF THE MEXICAN EXTENSION. THE INNER LIFE OF MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.—EXTENSION OF THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA AND SANTA FE RAILROAD INTO SONORA.—FROM SKETCHES BY SR. PANGBO COITIDE.—SEE PAGE 193.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—AN OFFICIAL GUIDE CONDUCTING A PARTY OF LADIES THROUGH THE CAPITOL.—FROM A SKETCH BY MISS G. DAVIS.—SEE PAGE 193.



CALIFORNIA.—INTERIOR OF THE NEW FREE LIBRARY AT SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. W. BODE.—SEE PAGE 193.